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FANNIE'S FLIRTATION

By Ella Rodman

A CONTINUED STORY IN TEN CHAPTERS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Archibald Lathrop returning from a fishing expedition in the East, becomes acquainted, through an accident, with Fannie Nettleton, a wealthy New York girl just out of school. The coach breaks down and some time is consumed in procuring another vehicle to carry them to the cars. Three years later Fannie is taking part in private theatricals at a friend's house. The son of the house, who has been in the army, returns with a broken arm. He proves to be none other than our hero of the coach, although he is not recognized by Fannie. Thinking she has grown worldly and vain, he does not make himself known. Some days later she overhears a conversation between him and a friend in which he expresses his opinion of her very freely.

In answer to a summons from her sister to return home at once because she had been reported as carrying on a flirtation with Archibald Lathrop, Fannie, much humiliated and highly indignant at Mr. Lathrop's opinion of her, goes back to the city, and, later, does penance by waiting on a maiden aunt suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

Meanwhile Mr. Lathrop falls heir to a fortune and Fannie's sister begins to think she made a mistake in interfering, but Fannie persistently refuses to go into society where she will be likely to meet him.

Fanny and her aunt go to Marquette for the summer, and it happens that Mr. Lathrop is also spending his vacation there. Now, it is Fanny who is the indifferent one. They see much of each other and Archibald proposes to her. She refuses him very coldly and rushes to her room where she astonishes her aunt by a violent fit of weeping. When Fannie's aunt discovers the cause of this, she is very indignant with her for refusing such a good chance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"After carrying on such a flirtation with the man," said she, severely, "the least you could do is to marry him."

In vain Fanny protested that she had no thought of flirting—*aunt Seraphina* brought up the camping out in the leaky tent, and all the unavoidable familiarity of their wilderness life, and declared that Mr. Lathrop had good reason to complain of being ill-treated. In her sympathy, she seemed almost ready to marry the gentleman herself, to console him; and Fanny devoutly wished that *aunt Seraphina* had never taken into her head to do something different from usual that summer.

If the truth must be told, though, she experienced, on the whole, rather a comfortable satisfaction that she had enjoyed the opportunity of showing Mr. Lathrop that she had not made herself over for his approval.

The rejected lover, however, had very little time to brood over his disappointment, for a letter, informing him of the sudden death of his mother, effected his speedy departure; and Fanny found herself puzzling over the lines:

"I loved him not; and yet now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone."

CHAPTER IX.

MISS GEDGE

Miss Seraphina lingered on the charmed shores of Superior until the middle of September; and then some particularly keen breezes warned her that it was time to turn her steps eastward. She felt very much out of patience with Fanny for having lost "such an unexceptionable chance for establishing herself;" and yet, when she came to reflect on the unwearied cheerfulness and good-humor with which her niece had borne all her whims and provocations, her conscience rather reproached her, and she concluded to present Fanny with some testimonial of her gratitude and repentance.

This testimonial took the form of a very useless silver goblet from Tiffany's, on which was inscribed, in conspicuous letters: "To my dear Niece, Fannie Nettleton, as an acknowledgment of her Kindness and Attention to her Aunt during her Illness." Fanny smiled, and gave the "acknowledgment" as favorable a place of exhibition as possible, knowing that this was what her aunt desired.

Cornelia's reproaches were long and continued, and the constant repetition of the name of Lathrop became

an intolerable nuisance; when, therefore, in the month of October, a letter arrived from Miss Gedge, pleading earnestly for Fanny's society during the autumn vacation, which had just commenced, she decided to grant the petition. She felt a sort of yearning to revisit the old haunts; although it was with a sigh that she reflected on the experience that bridged the space between seventeen and twenty-one.

"Pears like as though I'd seen your face before Miss," observed Hiram, as Fanny clambered into the awkwardly high stage-coach, that had evidently experienced a resurrection from the apparently fatal accident of that October morning; and when she informed him that she was one of Miss Gedge's old scholars, he manifested as much pleasure, at the announcement, as though their former intercourse had been of the most friendly description. There was something cheering, however in the welcome; even though it did come from an awkward stage-driver.

"Come to think of it!" exclaimed Hiram, suddenly reining up his fiery steeds, as they turned into that well-remembered piece of wood. "I b'lieve you're the very young lady that got upset hereabouts. Oh! you be, be you? And that chap with the fishin' rod—kind o' queer, wasn't it, his gorn' off and gittin' lost? I heerd that he had to lay over till mornin'—which all came of his bein' in too great a hurry, you see."

Fanny thought that she could a tale unfold, had she been so disposed; but she kept her own counsel respecting the "chap with the fishin'-rod."

"Here you be!" said Hiram, with a flourish, as the stage-coach drew up before the neat, green-blinded domicile, and "here's Marm Gedge awatchin' for you—I guess she sets great store by your comin'."

Fanny was sure of that, or she might have been chilled by the cold touch of the hand, and the cold kiss that greeted her arrival. She knew, however, that Miss Gedge looked upon kissing in the light of a painful duty at all times; and that, although capable of "going through fire and water" for those she loved, if occasion required, she was not capable of making any agreeable demonstration of her sentiments in the meanwhile.

The little parlor, with its rural ornaments of dried grasses, and cone picture-frames, had experienced no change; and the rocking-chairs and sofas, bandaged up in white cotton tidies, looked as much like wounded old soldiers as ever. Tidies and photographs were Miss Gedge's favorite passions; and when Fanny produced a highly-finished colored similitude of herself in a pretty, oval frame, Miss Gedge appropriated it with calm delight, and gave it honorable hanging just under the full-robed portrait of a bishop long since a saint in Paradise. It was a sweet, innocent-looking picture, a charming likeness of Fanny in her best moments; and it did not look out of place even there.

Miss Gedge's little world was so different a sphere from Fanny's large one, that she studied it almost as curiously as though she had been a visitor from another planet. She wondered how it would seem to live there alone, with youth forever fled, and all its hopes and dreams a heap of autumn leaves. And yet Miss Gedge seemed happy in her way. She was undisputed monarch of all she surveyed; she had books, and flowers, and birds; and as to youth and gayety, she seemed to feel rather sorry for Fanny, and to look forward with pleasure to the time when she might possibly join her as a staid member of the same sisterhood.

Four years had changed the little circle of school-girls; and of those who shared with Fanny the mutual bread and butter, and rice-pudding, not one remained. Nett Hyde was married, but not to "Frederick Augustus;" and the night-cap probably flourished somewhere in the golden shores of California. The school-girl correspondence between the friends had gradually died out, and Fanny had scarcely thought of her old crony, until the familiar scenes brought her again to mind.

Intensely quiet as the visit was, Fanny enjoyed it as a glimpse of nature, and she wandered on independent rambles around Ridgeway, somewhat scandalizing Miss Gedge, who was not quite sure that it was proper or safe. She was not much given to pedestrianism, herself; and whenever Fanny succeeded in inveigling her into the woods, she was sure to moralize or botanize, both of which are equally trying.

A day, that was as much like a certain October day, four years ago, as if it had sat for its portrait, came round, and Miss Fanny found it impossible to repress a desire to take to the woods. Her keen enjoyment of simple country pleasures seemed to be the one taste of early girlhood that was left her, and she walked along the fragrant aisles of nature's dim cathedral, "shuffling with a childish pleasure, through the piled-up leaves." Those crisp autumn leaves, with their delicious crackling,

"How many a tale their music tells!"

The tale they told Fanny was rather saddening, and she sighed, and wondered if wrong ever came right. Miss Gedge, whose views on the subject of a city life were rather severe, had told her that this quiet sojourn at Ridgeway would be a good time to "look into herself," and Fanny began looking with all her might but murmured:

"The tender grace of a day that is gone
 Will never come back to me."

The birds twittered, and the squirrels ran nimbly along the branches of the trees; but other sound or motion there was none. Fanny thought of *aunt Seraphina*, and wondered if she were coming to that; but just then a loud report, followed by a sharp, prickling sensation in her arm, fairly stunned her.

She heard the sound of footsteps, and the exclamation of, "Gracious heavens! She is killed!" and then the scene faded away.

July Days.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Softly drone the honey-bees;
 Blossom-scented is the breeze;
 Golden is the grain.
 Over all the faintest haze
 Rests, and song birds pipe their lays
 In a sweeter strain.

From the meadows comes the scent
 Of the new hay, clover-blent;
 In the topaz sky
 Fleecy clouds like ships at sea,
 Floating onward lazily,
 Or at anchor lie.

Nature now is doubly dear
 To my soul, for doubly near.
 At July's behest,
 She has come, and coming brings
 Surcease from all weary things,
 Blissful sense of rest!

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH EVERYTHING COMES RIGHT.

When Fanny awoke, she found herself on the sofa in Miss Gedge's parlor, and that lady surveying her with a critical aspect of great perplexity.

"Don't speak!" she exclaimed, excitedly, seeing Fanny about to open her lips.

"Why not?" responded her perverse visitor, with a laugh. "There is nothing the matter with my tongue. But what has happened? And how did I get here?"

"As far as I am able to give an account of the matter," replied Miss Gedge, severely, "you were carried here by two gentlemen—one of whom muttered a disconnected story about having shot you accidentally in the woods—and both ran off like mad for the doctor. He will be here in a few moments; but as he is a young, unmarried man—"

"I won't flirt with him, Miss Gedge," interrupted Fanny, in great amusement, "don't be afraid of me—I have a wholesome horror of doctors generally. But I suppose I must be hurt somewhere, am I not? Oh! my arm!" and terribly frightened at the drops of blood that stained her sleeve, the young lady turned pale again.

But an unusual sight presented itself, which was no less than a trio of extremely good-looking young gentlemen—at which Miss Gedge groaned inwardly, as she reflected that the like had never before crossed her threshold. One of the gentlemen advanced, professionally, to the interesting patient, and coolly cutting away the latest fashion of a sleeve, relieved the minds of all present by pronouncing the wound to be little more than a grazing of the flesh, and bound it up with a tender care that was, perhaps, partly called forth by the beauty of the round white arm, and its owner.

One of the other gentlemen, with dark eyes, and a craze on his hat, scarcely ventured to look at Fanny as he called her by name, and apologized for his awkwardness; but a smile hovered around the victim's lips, while a rush of crimson fanned over her face.

"Mr. Lathrop," said she, in a low voice, as she held out her hand to him, "I really believe that, if I should go to New Zealand, I would be sure to meet *you* there."

If Mr. Lathrop had been allowed the opportunity, he would have murmured something very expressive; but there were Miss Gedge, and the doctor, and his friend, Pollard, all looking on this little comedy, and he was obliged to be circumspect in his language.

Mr. Pollard, who was a very comely young giant with light, curly hair, and a chronic blush, was admiring Fanny intensely, and wishing with all his heart, that he had had the pleasure of shooting her—since it had turned out nothing but a scratch, and gave a fellow such an excellent opportunity of cultivating her acquaintance. The doctor, too, was loth to depart, but he had no excuse for remaining; and recommending rest and quiet to his patient, with rather a meaning look at the two gentlemen, he promised to call again, and tore himself away.

Miss Gedge's severe aspect required propitiation, and the gentlemen hastened to explain how they had been in pursuit of quail, and unfortunately shot a young lady instead of a bird; and how Pollard had seen Miss Fanny at church, and knew where she belonged, and that was the way they came to have the good sense to carry her home.

Mr. Lathrop had been brought to Ridgeway through very similar motives to those which had influenced Miss Fanny. He had lost his mother, and did not feel like mingling in the world, and his friend Pollard, who lived just out of Ridgeway, had persuaded him to make an autumn visit.

"You will allow me to call and inquire how you are getting on?" whispered Lathrop, humbly when they rose to go.

Fanny gave an embarrassed assent; and Mr. Pollard assured his friend, on their way home, with a desponding shake of the head, that he was an enviable lucky fellow.

"The word 'lucky' needs another syllable in this case," replied Lathrop; "and if Miss Nettleton had not the temper of an angel, she would show some indignation, especially to *me*," with a sigh.

"Well," said his companion, resignedly, "I suppose the next best thing to being happy oneself is to see one's friends happy—so, take my best wishes, Lathrop, for your success and prosperity."

"What an idiot you are!" was the ungrateful rejoinder. "A man cannot look at a woman, but you immediately settle them in a brown stone front, 'with all the modern conveniences.' Shooting a young lady is rather a poor way, in my opinion, of ingratiating oneself into her affections—the time having gone by when a William of Normandy brings his lady-love to her senses by a violent assault and mud-bath in the street."

It must have been a beautiful sense of duty, therefore, that caused Mr. Lathrop to make his appearance in Miss Gedge's parlor, the next morning, with a hamper of grapes, and a bouquet of flowers, and a

volume of poems—after the approved fashion of ministering to invalids, as though the beefsteak and prose of every-day life were altogether too coarse and heavy for their etherealized natures. Fanny enjoyed the visit, for Lathrop appeared to better advantage than he had ever done before; sorrow for his mother's death having cast over him a veil of melancholy, that, like the angel's gift of moss to the queen of flowers, was an added charm. He read dangerously well—with a true appreciation of the poet's meaning; and his hearer felt that all her resolution and antagonism were being charmed away.

It would not do, however, this state of things. Mr. Lathrop must either be all-in-all to her, or he must be nothing; and as she had put away the first, she resolved to have things clearly defined.

So, after a dreamy afternoon of poetry, when Fanny's arm had escaped its prison sling, she told Mr. Lathrop gently, but decidedly, that his visits must be discontinued.

"I am grateful for your kindness," she continued, with downcast eyes, "but I am quite able to amuse myself, now—and I owe it to the kind friend, who has been almost a mother to me, to give her no uneasiness that I can avoid, while staying under her roof."

"Do not send me away from you again!" pleaded the gentleman, with eloquent eyes. "I remember reading a story, somewhere, of a lady who appeared to a gentleman three times in answer to different matrimonial advertisements—and the third time he sensibly concluded that she was his fate, and married her. I have an additional claim for this is the *fourth* time with me."

He was preparing now to unfold his little mystery,

If I were a painter, and had to "do" a figure of Duty, I should represent her as an unpleasant-looking female, with compressed lips and vinegar aspect, for she is always making people say and do such disagreeable things, that she cannot but be a very uncomfortable personage.

That very evening, as Miss Gedge sat opposite her guest, employed upon a fresh batch of tidies, she felt it to be her duty to converse in the following strain:

"I think, Fanny, your being shot, that morning, was a very unfortunate thing."

"I do not know but that it was," replied Fanny, laughing a little, and blushing considerably.

"A very unfortunate thing!" with emphasis. People will talk, you know, and—you know, of course, that I speak for your good—it is always a detriment to a young lady to have her name mentioned in connection with the word "flirtation." She brought out the obnoxious term with a dreadful effort. "With respect to this Mr. Lathrop, I think you should either conclude to marry him, or forbid his visits. I will take the latter duty upon myself, if you desire it, and there need be no difficulty about the matter."

Fanny was quite convulsed at the end of this speech, and scandalized Miss Gedge by laughing in the most enjoyable manner; then, going up to the rigid lady, she suddenly kissed her, and stood there, blushing all over, and making herself perplexing in the highest degree.

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss Gedge, seeing land ahead, but viewing it in the light of an awful catastrophe. "You really don't mean, Fanny? But this is a dreadfully sudden thing, and on so short an acquaintance. I am afraid it is not quite proper."

"I had met him before," murmured Fanny.

"That alters the case, of course." But she was still perplexed, and continued anxiously, "Do you think your friends will approve of this?"

"I think they will," replied Fanny, demurely, laughing inwardly at the doubt.

"Well," said Miss Gedge, with a figurative washing of her hands, "I have nothing more to say."

"But you *must* have something more to say," pleaded Fanny, as she laid her soft cheek against the withered one that had never felt the kiss of love. "It really isn't improper to get married, you know; and I have tormented Mr. Lathrop thoroughly before I accepted him, until, I think, he is sufficiently impressed with my superiority, and—"

Miss Gedge looked so shocked that Fanny laughed again; and then she cried, and her elderly friend was under the painful necessity of bestowing a limited amount of caressing upon her, until Mr. Lathrop suddenly appeared and offered to relieve her.

She shot out of the room—this being her idea of etiquette in all such cases made and provided—and endeavored to collect her scattered senses in the solitude of her own apartment.

When Fanny returned to the bosom of her family, she found herself no longer in disgrace, but suddenly elevated to the highest honors that were in their power to bestow. Sister Cornelia's manner reminded her involuntarily of the Mamma Cat, who says.

"Good little kittens,
You have found your mittens,
Now you shall have some pie!"

Fanny saw one decided advantage in marrying Mr. Lathrop, which probably did not occur to her rejoicing relatives—and this was that she could not possibly be accused of any more "flirations" with him.

THE END.

Life's Toilers.

BY EMILY HOUSEMAN WATSON.

I walked in life's highway,
Through shop and mart and field;
I watched the men whose stalwart arms
The tools of labor wield.

Some worked with merry hearts,
And hummed a snatch of song;
But some were weary and oppressed
With toiling sore and long.

I wondered that a gladsome song
Should dwell so near a moan;
That joy should light some happy eyes,
—From others it had flown.

Till, questioning him who sang,
Found hope and love were there;
But in the heart of him who moaned,
Was wretched, grim despair.

Toilers in life's highway,
If hope and love depart,
Naught can dispel the weariness
That fills the aching heart.

Oh, that a Power divine
Would dark despair remove
From the toiler's breast, and in its stead,
Plant hope and faith and love.

The Garden of Peace.

BY MONTAGUE DONNER.

I am come to thee, come to thee ailing, O, garden of peace!
In the even hour sure of thy witchery, precious of old,
From the harsher dominion of man to secure my release.

I am come to thee, weary in spirit, to rest in thy hold,
For the mystical spell of thy fragrance and bloom hath control
Of my spirit, as children are held by a tale often told.

O, that I in thy bosom might freely unburden my soul,
And into the ears of the flower-folk whisper the woes
That drove me from clamor of men to thy comforting goal!

Yet 'tis needless, for all of thy cups and thy stars do unclose
To give breath of ineffable cheer, as though each understood
And was freighted with mission to heal and to seal my repose,

And, in doing so, give me assurance, o, garden of good,
Of a kinship of essence, transcending the root and the clod,
That o'erbrims me in shrines of the mountain, the stream, and
the wood.

Lo! I come to thee, garden of blessing, bent low to the sod;
While thine odorous bells in the vesper are tolling to peace
Do I ling'ringly leave thee with healing, and know thee of God!

and make the move that should decide the game.

"The fourth time?" repeated Fanny, innocently.
"Oh! yes I remember—but the first time, you know,
you were Mr. Norval!"

Mr. Lathrop started in surprise. This quite prevented him from developing the climax; but presently he said, in an assured tone, "You must have overheard our conversation on the piazza."

"I believe I did," replied Fanny rather demurely.

The two looked at each for the space of a second, and then their thoughts expressed themselves in a simultaneous gush of laughter.

"I really believe," said Lathrop, humbly, "that was the reason you treated me with such contumely—at Grand Island—and I think I deserved it."

Fanny did not contradict this but sat demurely triumphant. She evidently respected the rules of chivalry, however, and displayed a beautiful magnanimity toward a vanquished enemy, who soon gathered confidence to take her hand in his, and make two or three impudent observations—bringing a glow to her cheek, and a light to her eye, that make any woman beautiful.

They talked naturally of that morning in the woods; and Fanny was persuaded to repeat again the verse that recorded the fate of the Sleeping Princess:

"And o'er the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

With her hand drawn through somebody's arm, as though she had been the Princess, and he the Prince.
"And thus," said Lathrop with a saucy triumph in his dark eyes,

"I won my Genevieve."

Wild Eggs

By Mildred Norman

"No, I won't give a cent to help buy furniture for the old place. I don't thank Phoebe Darling for leaving the homestead to be used for poor children to visit. There won't be no more peace in this neighborhood when they get to cutting up here. It is as much as we can do to look out for some of the poor trash that belong here, without having an extra lot swarming out from the city."

"Like as not they will be the ruination of our own children, too. Human nature takes to evil ways like ducks to water. No, indeed; my conscience wouldn't let me give a cent to help the thing along, and I hope and pray that the Lord will not let it prosper."

Good Mrs. Winslow leaned back in her wooden rocker, and settled her double chin comfortably on her muslin neckerchief. She had freed her mind; she had done her duty. It wouldn't be her fault if the Darling homestead was turned into "Bedlam," and corrupted the neighborhood.

Pretty, earnest, Miss Fifield had come in so glowing and hopeful. Now she sat looking at the good woman with a flushed and disconcerted face. She had counted on Mrs. Winslow. She was a great-hearted woman, and a woman of property; a woman of influence in the church and in the town. What could be done if she disconcerned the project?

Mrs. Winslow's kind heart sympathized with her guest's disappointment. "I don't doubt you all mean well," she said; "but it's mistaken zeal. You'd best drop it before any harm is done."

Miss Fifield found her voice at last, and her earnest eyes pleaded even more eloquently than her voice.

"Oh, Mrs. Winslow; if you could only see them. If you could see where they live, and how they live. If you could see the crowded, filthy, dark, unlovely places they call home. If you could breathe the air they breathe and see the food they eat. Oh, if you could, I am sure you would want to take them all out of those miserable places and never let them go back again."

"That's another thing," said Mrs. Winslow. "They have to go back again. What's the use of taking them out for a day or a week and then sending them home? It's just good for nothing but making them disconcerted with what they can't help."

"Oh, but there's more than that to it," Miss Fifield hastened to say, her face beginning to glow again with the thought of the more there was to it. "If you were born in a prison, with nothing to look at but dismal walls, and unlovely faces, nothing to breathe but noisome prison air, wouldn't you thank anybody who would bring you a pretty picture, or a sweet flower? Wouldn't it be like a bit of heaven?"

"Then think what it would be like to be taken out of the prison and set down in a green meadow with God's sweet air blowing all about you, and beautiful pictures everywhere; hosts of flowers smiling at you, and music all around. Just think what the bird-songs must be to those children who have heard nothing but harsh, clamoring, hideous sounds all their lives."

"Wouldn't you remember all your life such a delightful experience? and wouldn't you want to try and get nearer to it than your old life? Wouldn't it want to make you live a better life? And is not that what we want to do for them?"

"That's all pretty talk," said Mrs. Winslow, unwilling for her young visitor to see how much her remarks had affected her. "That's all pretty talk, but when you come to the practical part of it, they wouldn't half appreciate it. They haven't had their taste developed, they are satisfied with their life, and I'll warrant they'll be homesick and wish themselves back in the dark alleys."

"I've had a little experience myself. I had an Irish girl out here from the city, and I couldn't keep her for love nor money. She said she should die of the strangeness. It was so 'wide and wild like,' she said. Home is home, you know, be it ever so homely."

"Well," said Miss Fifield, growing subdued again, "a good many of us like to go away from home for a little while, and it does us ever so much good. And these children, most of them, I feel sure, would be delighted for a little outing. It is done, you know, and the children are eager to go, and wild with the sight of the country."

"Wild,—yes," commented Mrs. Winslow, "That's what I am afraid of."

Miss Fifield rose as if to close the unsatisfactory interview, and sighed as she drew on her glove.

"We shall try it one season," she said, "and see how it works. I do hope they will not trouble you. We shall not permit them to go off the place alone."

"H'm; well, if you are bound to do it, perhaps that's the quickest way to settle it. I'll wager one season's all you'll want of it. I guess I can stand it if the rest of you can. I don't envy you, H'm;—if you are bound to do it, you'll have to have furniture and things of course. There'll be no

end of things you'll want when you get at it. H'm,—you are welcome to anything you can find up in the porch chamber, and James can go over and help you fix things. He came from the city himself, and he sets a sight by children."

Miss Fifield wanted to throw her arms about the good soul's neck and half strangle her, she was so delighted; but instead she thanked her prettily, and tried to keep the smiles from spreading too broadly over her face.

"They'll eat like starved cats, I'll be bound," observed Mrs. Winslow, following Miss Fifield to the door. It'll take a sight to fill em up. You're welcome to all the skim-milk you want, and, well, I dare say there'll be other things that I can spare as well as not. Let me know when they're coming and I'll see what I have."

"Dear soul," Miss Fifield repeated all the way to the next house; her total failure had suddenly blossomed into a great success. She was radiant, and had easy work now, for she had only to say, "Mrs. Winslow is going to do this, and Mrs. Winslow is going to do that."

The night the children arrived, Mrs. Winslow stood behind her front door blinds to have a look at them. They were to walk from the station, and would have to pass her farm.

Suddenly there was a confused murmur of voices, and then words could be distinguished. There were abrupt "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and then an admonitory "Hush, you mustn't holler so; you'll wake up the birdies," in an unmistakable girl's voice.

"Slucks!" cried another, scornfully; "birds haint gone to bed yet; just hear them sing;" "That's no birds," said the girl; "that's frogs."

"How'd you know?" from the scorner.

"Miss Fifield told me."

The children, or four of them, came in sight now. There was a sudden stampede into the hedgerow on the opposite side of the road, and the girl who was larger than the boys and had an old face, was foremost in the hedgerow. They began snatching at the daisies and buttercups, exclaiming excitedly the while.

A smaller girl came up and clapped her hands at them, half whispering in an anxious voice, "You mustn't. You mustn't touch anything; you'll be rested if you do. You said you wouldn't you know."

The boys laughed uneasily and half dropped their treasures, glancing toward the house across the way. "I bet somebody's lookin'" said the small girl. "O my!"

The other girl looked up. "Keep right on," she said, with a knowing air; "these are wild flowers; you can pick anything that's wild, Miss Fifield said so."

There was a joyful exclamation and a leap; they were at it again. "What's wild," asked the small girl, picking as eagerly as the rest.

"Oh, anything that don't grow in nobody's yard, like side of the street, and in the fields and woods."

"How many can we have?" asked the small girl; "five?"

"Just all you want," answered the other. There was a contented sigh from the little one as she sat down to her work.

The green door-blinds came open. "Children, come in and have a cup of milk; do!"

The children jumped at the sound of the strange voice, and looked half suspiciously at the plump figure with the good natured face and the double chin, standing in the doorway.

But one glance was enough to re-assure them. They took a step into the road and hesitated. "Miss Fifield said we wasn't to go into anybody's yard," said one of the boys with a wistful look into the motherly face.

Miss Fifield herself came up just then, looking rather anxious. "I hope they haven't been troublesome," she said. "They were so crazy, they galloped off before I could stop them."

There were six more with Miss Fifield. Mrs. Winslow took a snap-shot at them, as it were, while they stood there looking up at her. Some stout, more thin; pale faces, dark faces, fat faces; more thin faces, weak faces, hard faces, old faces; all of them glad faces, each in its own way, and one or two quite pleasing faces. They all looked neat, because the Fresh Air Fund gave them cleansing and fresh clothing before they were sent into the country, but they made a rather odd appearance, as the clothes were made or supplied from

contributions of cast-off clothing of more fortunate people.

"Bless your heart!—not a bit of trouble," said Mrs. Winslow in answer to Miss Fifield's inquiry. "I've invited 'em in, but they don't dare disobey your orders."

"Oh! You can go in when you are invited," smiled the relieved young woman.

The hostess had not counted on ten, but she was not going to slight the six new comers. "I can stand it to make a fool of myself once, I guess," she told herself.

Nine of the party drank the milk like famished kittens, but one made a face and said he didn't want any more of "that stuff." However he smacked his lips over a glass of water, and said that they didn't have no water like that in Boston.

A little later, ten happy children and ten cookies were seen on their way to the Darling Home.

"Got their lessons pretty well learned," commented Mrs. Winslow, looking after them. "Miss Fifield's a good one for it. She'll get tuckered though 'fore she gets through. Tickled as they can be, ain't they? Like a lot of colts let out to pasture. Hope they'll hold out as they have begun."

Things held out as they had begun until one ill-fated day, a detachment of the Darling party pranced by without any Miss Fifield heading it. "There'll be trouble before they get back again," said Mrs. Winslow, looking after them. "Like as not they have run away unbeknown to anyone."

It was not long before the trouble began. Miss Spence—a neighbor—came in, out of breath, with her apron over her head, and gasped: "Them city younguns are out in the new orchard, stripping the trees."

Mrs. Winslow groaned, "I was so choice of those Northern Spies. This is the first bearing year. They ain't fit to eat, either. They'll have the colic; it'll serve them right, too."

James was sent for, and despatched to turn out the thieves. He grew so red and looked so angry that Mrs. Winslow called after him, "Don't touch 'em; just send 'em home double-quick. Miss Fifield will tend to 'em. I shall go right over after dinner and tell her about their actions."

When James returned his anger had no whit abated, but rather increased.

The little jack-a-napes! he said. "They have stolen every egg in the orchard hen-house; nest-eggs and all. I'd like to have thrashed every one of them. I would, too, if I hadn't had orders."

"This, said Mrs. Winslow, "is what comes of having charity homes in the neighborhood. I never approved of it. I knew just how it would be. You can't trust them city heathen no more'n you could trust a cat. They'll turn against their best friends."

Miss Fifield was swinging some of the children in the hammock under the chestnut trees on the shady side of the Darling house, when a very lively chorus broke the summer quiet. "I say they are my eggs, I picked 'em, and I'm going to ask Miss Fifield to cook 'em, every one, for my dinner."

"But the apples are no good; you ought to give us some of the eggs."

"Not much. You can go and pick some for yourself. There was more wild trees over the other side of the hill. Most likely there was wild eggs there, too."

Miss Fifield started up in alarm, and then laughed a little, wondering what in the world they had found.

A small boy with bulging pockets and an egg clasped tightly in each fist, explained the mystery.

"Oh, Miss Fifield!" cried the noisiest child; "We found a lot of wild apples, and Tim found a lot of wild eggs away over on the hill, even so far. The apples wan't no good, and Tim won't give me any of the eggs."

Not many minutes later, a crest-fallen urchin with bulging pockets, accompanied by three half guilty, half amused, looking nites, made his appearance at Mrs. Winslow's porch door. Mrs. Winslow and James were holding a consultation, and looked up sharply at the intruders.

"Please, Missis, Miss Fifield said I was to bring these to you; 'cause they hain't wild eggs, and no wild eggs don't grow in no houses, nor in no orchards."

"And we was to say—what was we to say?" asked the spokesman of the other three of his companions.

"We 'gretted," whispered one.

"Oh, yes! We 'gretted awfully 'bout the apples, 'cause they ain't wild apples, and Miss Fifield says nowt we have spoilt the—the what, Sam?—the core?"

"N-o-o-o; the crop."

"And we can't put 'em back like he can the eggs, 'cept what he broke, but if we can do anything we'd—we'd wish to do it, 'cause you've been good to us."

Mrs. Winslow and James stared.

The boy with the bulging pockets carefully and reluctantly relieved them of their contents, saying wistfully, as the last egg was placed on the table, "I can't put back two, 'cause I eated 'em. I likes eggs, I do."

(Continued on page sixteen)

A Maiden's Melody.

A maiden sat within her door,
And sang as many times before:
A man to daily toil passed by,
No love nor pleasure in his eye;
But when he heard the merry song,
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churhyard slept;
And when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burning tears was stayed,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbors heard the tender strain.
And softly joined the sweet refrain;
Thus all day long that one song bore
Its joyousness from door to door.
—R. C. E. in Pictorial Review.

Secrets of Success With Flowers.

By George W. Brown.

Each year that comes brings to us some new creation in the flower kingdom and to those who are disposed to study nature and investigate the unpolished beauty of these many new creations in flowers, a rich store of knowledge may be gained and treasured up for the future embellishment of the world beautiful.

When we cast a glance back over the past half century and call to mind the simple flower displays of our dear grandmothers' gardens, and compare them with the massive, soul-inspiring and gorgeous banks and beds of beautiful flowers gathered by our gardeners and florists at the various exposition grounds, and view the many creations in lawn adornment about our beautiful city and country homes, it almost seems that the end is near, that the crisis in new creations is not far distant. But not so. With all the beauty and grandeur, all the science of development and grouping there still is room for more. Not one but many!

During our travels last year which carried us over many hundreds of miles of this beautiful United States, and especially into many gardens and parks where floral decoration was carried on from that of the meek housewife tenderly caring for the few flowers about her humble home, to that of the gardener who gives his whole life study to the caring and propagation, the banking and blending of colors, we have yet to view two floral designs the exact counterparts of each other.

Hence we find in the study of flowers an important requisite, that we may have a varied number of designs with few varieties, by care in grouping them. This is very essential to the tired and busy housewife who grows flowers because she loves them, and the little care she can give them affords her rest and comfort.

Our own choice of the floral kingdom is growing annuals, and while more labor is connected with them yet we have the ever-changing idea which allows us to create new groups and blending of colors, and for a number of years have fresh scenes from various groupings of the same families.

Again we study those varieties which we can grow the best. There are many flowers which we love but do not have the patience to foster as they should be hence a failure results, while a flower of some other name possibly just as sweet, could be grown more easily and can take its place.

There are too many, we cannot grow them all in one year, yea, a life time it may be, yet we can discard one for another and perchance learn something new and helpful.

Good seeds of annuals are so ridiculously cheap that we do not attempt to grow our own seed, excepting of some very choice variety. The seedsman is making a specialty of growing seeds, and while giving attention to the development of choice varieties to a certain degree, yet from a commercial standpoint it is seed production in which he is interested.

However in home adornment this is not our aim, but for a profusion of foliage and flowers.

Therefore after giving our attention to the selection of varieties in connection with planting them each in a nook or corner, or grouping together those which we know will give the desired effect in the various reliefs about our homes, we then give our attention to the clipping and pinching out of all seed pods, thus leaving the plant to form new flowers, rather than to become weakened by producing seeds.

We have often noted in growing flowers that many allow their plants to become their enemies by planting too thickly, or rather in not thinning enough and allowing the plant to develop in itself the beauty it will afford. This can only be learned by proper study of their nature and character, finding oft times that

one fine specimen evinces much more passing interest than a whole bed crowded together in a mass where neither the plant nor flower can develop the hidden beauty of itself.

Indeed a close study of the floral kingdom coming into a closer touch with nature's beauties—the flowers, surely unfolds to the lover of such some very rare treats, and an education in the world beautiful that makes the mind broader, the life an ocean of sweetness and the floral dressed home a beauty to behold, a realm of grandeur and gladness.



ILLUSTRATION NO. FOUR.

Are You One?

By Georgina S. Townsend.

A person can lose the pleasure one's flowers give by fussing. For instance, Mrs. Brown has a yard full of lovely flowers, but she fusses because she can't afford cement walks, and she cannot raise her eyes to the loveliest flowers because she sees the ugly board walk. She forgets that the stranger never notices the walk, while admiring the flowers.

And Mrs. Jones tries and tries and fails with delicate begonias, and fusses because she has no luck, whereas if she would turn her attention to dahlias, gladioli, and canna, she would never spell failure and would have riotous bloom. But she says she has no taste for coarse plants, yet she gets no satisfaction out of the begonias, because she does not know how to treat them.

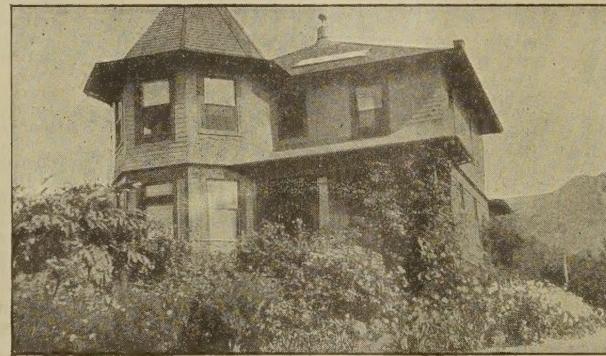


ILLUSTRATION NO. ONE.

And then Mrs. Gray who used to live in dear old—some where else! They do not raise such lovely pansies or verbenas or roses here as they used to back home! Well! they never raised a whole list of things "back home" that she has blooming now in her garden.

The whole trouble is lack of contentment. With a blossomy garden, be it plain or elaborate, new or like "back home", the truly content-at-heart woman can sit at sunset, and watch the pink and violet of the sky with the odor of the flowers floating out to her in the deepening twilight, with a peace that knows no fusing, and a restfulness which is the result of the flower's mission.

Bits of California.

That California is of intense interest to almost every one is evidenced by the pouring in from all points of the east the vast crowds of tourists, and settlers. Los Angeles has gained in three years, 50,000 inhabitants. In my own case I have been the recipient of a great many letters from people interested in what the floral world is like in our sunny land.

Perhaps some pictures of my own home may be full of interest to my many Vick friends. These pictures were taken just eighteen months after we bought this property. It had five acres of lemons, but no shrubbery nor flowers.

And the secret of such a growth!

Our warm sunny climate, water, and cultivation. Water is of course the secret of the whole growth. Trees and shrubs after being established do well with



ILLUSTRATION NO. TWO.

very little water but for every thing else, plenty of water is the slogan.

In the first picture, one sees the yard in front of the house, which is on the south. It is a general mass of roses, cosmos, petunias and poppies. In number two, the walk and steps are shown, and a closer view is had. The tall plant against the bay window is a fuchsia. It has single pink and white flowers, and is never without bloom. Nestling just below it is a heliotrope, a mass of bloom the whole year round, for we are in the "frostless belt," where nothing checks the steady growth. In the right hand corner of the picture is the broad leaved poinsettia, or Mexican Christmas flower. The left hand side shows rosebushes, and the tree in the foreground is the Chinese Rice Paper Plant, while just beyond it is the double pink oleander.

Number three shows a papyrus. Its feathery heads are very handsome and decorative. A rose, violets and four-o'clocks are also parts of this picture.

Number four shows the north yard, with the foot hills in the background. The foreground is a bed of dahlias, with caladiums, cannae, shrubs and trees in the rear.

All of this was planted out in February 1903. The pictures were taken in July 1904. It gives one an idea what a tremendous growth can be expected in this climate, and to what size the plants which eastern people raise in pots, attain when given an opportunity.—Georgina S. Townsend.

Have A Lily Bed

By Laura Jones.

What a treasure a large, well selected Lily bed is to any flower lover, and what visions of beauty the very mention of the lily will recall.

The little Lily-of-the-Valley will be the first to make its appearance in the spring, and the Elegans Lilies which bloom in this latitude in May. These last are very pretty low-growing Lilies, with large, umbrella-shaped flowers.

The beautiful pure white flowers of the Caudium appear in May and June. The flowers of this lily are very short stemmed, are very fragrant and much used for commencement decorations, as they are always in bloom at that time. Longiflorum comes directly after Caudium, the long trumpet shaped flowers being a pure snow white, having no spot or color about them.

The magnificent Auratum blooms at different times during the summer, and from a large bed one can have flowers for about two months. The flowers are very large, pure white spotted with rose and rayed and banded with golden yellow; but this is not valued alone for its size or exquisite coloring, the fragrance being a mingling of all the sweet scents known, and when in bloom every breeze will waft you a whiff of the most delightful fragrance, that is always strong, but never overpowering.

The Lancifolium or Speciocum Lilies are valuable varieties combining, as they do, both beauty and fragrance, and the stems are so strong and wiry that they are not easily broken. They flower during the month of August. Album, Melpomene and Rubrum are the best of this class, the flowers of each being the same size and shape but differing in color, and each of such exquisite beauty that it would be impossible to describe them and do them justice.

Those stately old standbys, the Tigers, are seen around nearly every home, even the most humble dwelling, and it is no wonder, as they are things of rare beauty even if scentless, and grow like weeds with no care after they are once planted. The double Tiger Lily is especially desirable. One of the loveliest of the whole Lily family is Tenuifolium, the exquisite little Coral Lily of Siberia. It is the brightest of all lilies, and one of the hardiest, as might be supposed from its native habitat. It grows only about twenty inches high, the stems slender and graceful, clothed with finely cut foliage and bearing beautiful flowers of a shining coral red. It blooms very early and is fine for cutting.

Cyclamen

Mrs. Hattie L. Knight

It is a wonder to me why the cyclamen is so seldom seen in a collection of window plants, for a more pleasing and satisfactory plant cannot be found. It is very easily grown, seldom troubled with insect pests, both flowers and foliage are beautiful, age only serves to increase its value and it will grow and bloom profusely in a north window. This last is one of its greatest recommendations as there are so few desirable blooming plants that can be grown successfully without sunshine.

However, as is the case with all other plants, the cyclamen requires special treatment to grow it successfully.

The soil should be rich, and made light and friable with leaf mold. The corm should be planted with the base only under the soil. The pot should be one inch larger than the diameter of the corm as much root room does not meet the requirements of this plant.

Water should be given only when the surface of the soil looks dry, during the growing period; when the plant is done blooming and the resting period begins which will be in summer if the plant blooms in winter, water should be given less freely, yet in sufficient quantities and often enough to keep all the foliage in good condition; this is important if the plant is to do its best at the next season's blooming. If the foliage is allowed to die off during the resting period because of an insufficient supply of water, much vitality will be taken from the corm in growing new, which would otherwise be reserved for growing larger and more abundant blooms.

The cyclamen likes a moist, cool atmosphere, yet I have grown it very satisfactorily in air that was dry and hot. It is said to dislike sudden changes of temperature, and I guard against such changes by taking care that floods of cold air may not pour into the room in which it is growing, but admit fresh air gradually, and never take the plant to another room where the temperature is much higher or lower than the one it is taken from.

Two things are absolutely necessary to growing the cyclamen to perfection. These are keeping the surface soil loose by frequent stirring, that the air may reach the roots, and a daily showering of the foliage. I never saw a plant respond so quickly as does the cyclamen to a thorough spraying of its foliage or washing with a sponge, by rapid, and luxuriant growth, which is noticeable in a day or two after receiving it, when it has been some time without the spraying.

The cyclamen is propagated from seed; which, unlike the seed of most greenhouse plants, germinates as readily as the seed of our garden annuals. No more care in preparing the soil, or in applying water need be taken than with the seed of ordinary annuals. However, the seeds are rather slow to germinate, it being from three to four weeks before they break through the soil.

This is not intended for a complete treatise on the culture of the cyclamen but these brief hints will enable any one to grow this plant successfully.

My Gladioli

By Mrs. C. F. Staples

(A prize winning article.)

On account of their beauty and easy culture, I have often wondered why Gladoli are not more generally raised than they seem to be.

I have grown them for fourteen summers; and have fairly become an enthusiast on the subject.

I started with a dozen bulbs, mixed, and added to their increase from time to time, to make a variety. Now I have a large collection.

I plant them during the month of May; set the bulbs about nine inches apart and three or four inches deep. If they are put quite deeply into the ground, they do not blow over during heavy winds.

When the tops turn yellow in October, I take up the bulbs, let them dry a few days, cut off the tops, and store in a frost proof cellar. Last summer I planted them

in six, forty-foot rows, with a brick path through the center, lengthwise of the rows.

During the blossoming period, it was delightful to walk up and down that path in the early morning, when the dew glistened on the flowers, and the sun lighted them softly and brought out the lovely colors and markings. They were a vision of delight!

Soon the entire family would come into the garden and there would be exclamations of admiration; the chorus would be something as follows: from papa "May I take some of those scarlet ones to my office, today?" "May I take some of those delicate, light colored ones to my sick friend?" asks my large daughter. "Let me take some to school," says the little girl. "And don't forget that I go to see my best girl this evening," chimes in the tall brother of the two and "those pink ones over there," are reserved for somebody's else sister.

They each had their choice and visitors carried away those which they admired. Thus day after day, for some time those beautiful blooms went forth on their mission of joy.

One day my husband was walking on the street carrying a huge bunch of them, when he noticed that a number of children were gathering around him. Seeing that the Gladoli were the attraction, he distributed them, one stalk to each child, as far as they went. Their faces and actions expressed keen joy and he was touched to notice that each child as it received its flower turned and ran away as if afraid that someone would rob it of its treasure.

I take comfort in using them for the decoration of

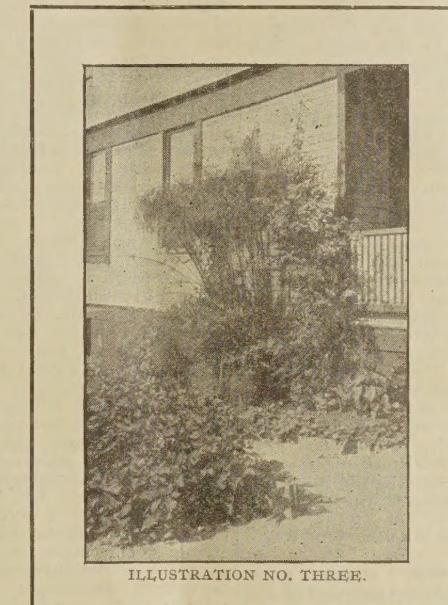


ILLUSTRATION NO. THREE.

my own home as well as in giving them away. As cut flowers they are among the most lasting and satisfactory we have. They generally look best by themselves, with their own foliage or some asparagus for greenery. Last fall I placed a handful of sweet peas in a glass with a bouquet of gladioli and they looked nicely together.



They are beyond all others "The busy woman's flower". They do not require constant watering, are seldom troubled with insects or diseases, are not easily choked with weeds, and under most circumstances are bound to blossom. Still they will not stand everything and several persons have assured me that they could not "have any luck with them," as they expressed it.

A sympathetic smile and a little encouragement to talk developed the fact that their poor luck was some error in the treatment of the plants. One played the hose on hers every evening. It was a cool wet summer and after a time the bulbs rotted.

Another planted hers in a stiff clay which soon baked as hard as a brick. When a drought came she did not water them at all and they dried up.

One good farmer's wife had hers eaten by a lively family of pigs. Even at a low price it was not an economical food for the piggies.

However, I know of no other flower except the portulaca, which responds so generously to a little kind treatment as the Gladoli.

I have never bought a bulb costing over twenty-five cents; and have never had the good fortune to see any of the expensive kinds advertised in some of the catalogues. They must be fine if they exceed in beauty some of the blooms I have obtained in some of my cheap dozens or inexpensive named bulbs.

Something New From Something Old

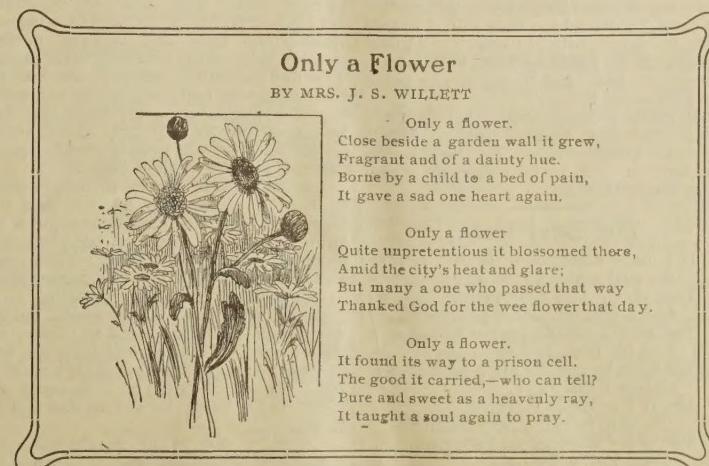
By Flora Lee

Let those who may happen to have an old-fashioned standard work-basket stored away in the attic, bring it forth, and remove both the upper and lower basket, leaving the frame to be utilized for a new purpose. Where the baskets were, fit in two tin pans or basins of the proper size, and carefully transplant into these clumps of ferns from the woods. Cover the sides of pans with bark. The whole makes something quite out of the ordinary for the decoration of the veranda in summer or house in winter.

A Simple Remedy

By Mrs. C. F. Bailey

When my choice chrysanthemums were about eight inches high and growing finely, I found them one morning quite badly infested with black aphids. Well, there was plenty of pearline in the house, so I concluded that was an easier weapon to use than kerosene emulsion. I made a strong pearlne suds, and applied it thoroughly and liberally to the chrysanthemums; the next day, the aphids seemed as thick as ever, and I thought my little scheme was "no good," but the second day, I looked again, and not one aphid was to be seen. Furthermore, they never came back, and my big bushes now, are filled with buds, in spite of the hundreds I have pinched off.





FOR THE CHILDREN

Queenie's Play.

BY BERTHA KENDRICK COX.

Sometimes I take a cuttin' spell,
Then muvver gets a sheet
And spreads it on the parlor floor
Close by the window-seat,
And then she brings old fashion books
With scissors pointed round,
And kisses both my dimples
And calls me Queen, her crown.
Then I just cut and cut and cut
More little girls and boys
And nice young ladies and their clothes
And dolls and books and toys.
Then when I'm tired and go to sleep,
My head 'gainst muvver's knee.
She puts me on the couch, and shakes
The scraps all out for me.

Sweet Peas: The Peace-makers.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

This is the way the quarrel began: Elsie and Jean were playing with their dolls on Jean's front porch.

"Let's pretend we're going to a picnic," said Jean.

"No, it isn't summer," said Elsie, "it's winter, for my doll Lillian is wearing her fur boa and muff."

"It's summer," declared Jean, "'cause my dolls want to go to a picnic."

"I say it's winter, 'cause Lillian wants to wear her furs," insisted Elsie.

The disagreement between these two little girls ended in angry words. Elsie picked up her dolls and fairly flew off the porch and across the yard into her own house. She lived next door to Jean. Then Jean took her dolls and went into the house.

This foolish dispute happened one Saturday in May, and, for the rest of the school year, Jean and Elsie walked on opposite sides of the street, going to and from school, without speaking to each other. Furthermore these two little girls did not speak when they met in their class at Sunday-school.

Indeed, the foolish girls did not appear to want to speak, for they had plenty of opportunities to "make up," if they had wanted to be friends again. One of these opportunities was their flower gardens, which were along a wire fence that separated the two yards. Jean's was on one side of the fence, and Elsie's on the other. In March each girl had planted sweet pea seeds close to the wire fence, and during the early part of the summer the girls spent considerable time in training the vines on the fence and in watering the sweet peas and other plants.

The first week of July, the wire fence was completely hidden by the green vine, and the top of the vines were gay with pink and white and crimson and purple and lavender blossoms. The blossoms came all at once. A week of showers, followed by a day of sunshine, brought the sweet peas suddenly into bloom.

Jean spied the blossoms before breakfast, and ran out to her garden. At the same moment Elsie came running out of her door. The two girls met at the fence, their heads coming just above the many-colored, sweet-scented flowers.

Before the girls were aware of what they were doing, they found themselves talking and laughing, and gathering the pretty blossoms.

"Sweet peas always seem alive," said Jean, caressing a pink blossom.

"I know it. They seem to me like butterflies," replied Elsie, admiring a crimson blossom.

The vines, on the two sides of the fence, had grown up together and intertwined, so that Jean could not tell her blossoms from Elsie's.

"Why, which blossoms are mine?" asked Jean.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Elsie "they're all mixed up."

"It doesn't matter, does it? We can cut them and divide them between us," said Jean.

The girls were silent for a minute or two, just the clipping of the scissors was heard. Then Jean laughed, and said:

"Doesn't it seem good to be friends again?"

"Oh, yes, indeed it does! Let's never quarrel again," replied Elsie.

When the girls had cut all the sweet peas that were in bloom, each started to go toward her house.

Jean called, as she ran across her yard: "Elsie come over after breakfast and bring your dolls."

"All right, I will," sang out Elsie, running toward her house.

Roy Drives White Rooster.

BY ALICE PERRIGO BROWN.

"Cock a doodle doo!" crowed White Rooster.

"Cock a doodle doo!" crowed Brown Rooster.

White Rooster ruffled up his feathers and put his head down. Then Brown Rooster did the very same thing. After looking at each other for several minutes they began to fight.

Now White Rooster was a large White Leghorn, while Brown Rooster was small, and of no special kind. White Rooster acted just like a big boy who loves to fight a little boy.

When Roy's sister saw the roosters fighting she called to her father: "Oh papa, just see that big, quarrelsome rooster fighting that poor little fellow. Do go and stop it."

Roy and his father went out into the yard and caught the white Rooster which tried to run away. "No, you can't run away. I shall tie you to this tree," said Roy's father as he wound a bit of cloth around one of the White Rooster's legs. "What makes 'oo do ah, papa?" asked Roy. "So the rope won't hurt his leg if he tries to get away," said papa as he fastened the rope on to the leg over the cloth. Then he tied the other end of the rope around the tree.

All the afternoon White Rooster sulked under the tree. After supper Roy asked if he might untie him so he could go to roost. "Yes, if you want to," said his father. Roy was only three years old and he didn't think of untying the rope from the rooster's leg first, but untied it from the tree. White Rooster started to run and Roy, still holding the rope, had to follow, for he wasn't strong enough to stop him.

Round and round the yard went White Rooster and Roy.

"Hello! see the race," shouted papa. All the family ran to the door and laughed till they almost cried.

Suddenly White Rooster dived under the fence. Roy couldn't follow him and he began to cry, holding on the rope with all his might, and calling, "Papa, papa, come and get him, come quick." And papa caught the rope just as Roy had to let go.

"Good boy, don't cry Roy, you were brave to hold on so long. We thought at first that you were driving him for fun or we would have helped you before."

"Papa, he drove his own self, I didn't want to drive him ah't way." "I know it Roy. If he fights again I will put a harness on him and then you can drive him as you do Rover."

But White Rooster never tried to fight again. He had decided that it didn't pay to be quarrelsome. He had found out how it felt to be scared by something larger than he.

The Best Way.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me.
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
For then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick;
Unless I run away.
But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say if you could see him
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
Or girl to laugh and smile.

The Mystery About Sam.

Sam Dingleby was nine years old, and he had not one brother or sister, and he was always so hungry for company that his mother said he sometimes nearly drove her wild. Sam seemed to have everything to enjoy himself with. He had the loveliest little Shetland pony, and a beautiful big St. Bernard dog, and the prettiest cleanest little stable, built on purpose for them; and he had a cote of costly pigeons with breasts and heads and necks of soft colors that made you think of rainbows and white clouds and blue June sky. To be sure, he didn't have a bicycle, for nobody had bicycles then. But he had a little printing-press, and he had drums and a Chinese dragon-kite, and he had a corner in the library full of story-books.

I do not know what Sam could have wanted that he did not have, except company,—that is to say, all the children he wanted and all the dogs. His mother did not like children as visitors very well, and his Aunt Sarah did not like them at all. His Aunt Sarah lived at his house; and dogs, common dogs, both she and his mother absolutely refused to "have around."

The summer he was eight Sam almost lived at the washerwoman's, several blocks away, on a back street. She had eight children. They were good enough children, even Aunt Sarah said, except of course, in their grammar. Their house was small, and it was always filled with washing-steam, and the back yard was always full of clothes drying; but yet there was room for glorious playtimes. So Sam only came home that summer, all through vacation, for his meals and to sleep; and, when he did come, he was brown with dirt from head to foot, his trousers were ragged, his shoes were filled with sand, and often his stockings were muddy.

Nobody would dream, Aunt Sarah frequently said, that this boy, so ragged and tattered, could be a Dingleby!

The next summer the washerwoman moved out of the neighborhood; and, when school was out, Sam was very lonesome for a while, and openly discontented and fretted a great deal. But all at once there was a change. Aunt Sarah and his mother both noticed it. Whenever Sam was asked to do an errand, he did it so very willingly,—he seemed very thankful to be asked. It is true that sometimes he was rather late in returning from his errands, but his mother said the weather was so warm you could not expect a boy to go any faster.

Sam was at home nearly all the time, except when he did errands; but he was not around "under foot," as usual, which made it very agreeable. He might be up in his pleasant room, or in the library, or taking a ride on his pony for a few blocks, or out petting Milton, his big dog, or busy in the garret with his printing. Nobody ever seemed to think just where he was, only you had a pleasant sense of his never being in the way.

There was another queer thing about Sam that summer. That was his eating. He ate less and less, and soon he began to grow thin. You could see his shoulder-blades right through his gingham waists, and they had to keep putting smaller belts to his trousers. His mother one day actually dropped tears on the little slim new belts, when she was working the buttonholes, to think that Sam was growing so pale and thin, at the same time he was growing such a good, patient, sweet-tempered little boy.

Aunt Sarah said she would simply make him eat! There was no use in a boy being finicky. So his father put a big juicy piece of steak on his plate next morning, and said sternly: "Sam, now you eat that steak! You've been notionally about your meals long enough."

Sam gazed down at the steak, but did not touch it. He seemed to choke, and then he choked again; and then the next minute he sat back in his chair and cried out: "I can't father! I haven't any right to!" Then he got up and left the table.

"Well!" said Aunt Sarah when she could find breath to speak. "I must say it's a good thing you have only one child, John Dingleby! I believe that boy has been reading novels and got romantic!"

"Oh, no, he never reads novels," said Sam's mother still trembling. "Why, he's only nine. He likes his little Hawthorne 'Wonder Book' better than anything. I know he must be ill!" And she was obliged to leave the table, too; for she could not keep back her tears.

After a while when breakfast was over, Sam came into the house whistling as if he were the happiest boy in the world. He brought in some wood for Janet, the cook, and he mended the canary's cage; and then he sat down quietly in a sunny corner to draw pictures.

His mother was sitting near him with her sewing, thinking what a dear, good boy he was, when she heard Janet's voice, very loud, in the kitchen. She went out to see what the matter was; and there Aunt Sarah was, and she was saying to Janet: "You amaze me! Where is that boy? He'll know what it means, I'll be bound. Dogs—eleven!"

When Janet saw Mrs. Dingleby, she burst forth anew: "Eleven dogs, ma'am, in the loft of the pony's barn,—yes, there is! and the scrubbiest outlandish dogs, burnt and scalded and broken-legged and blind,—every one of 'em a sick dog or else crippled, some with bandages and some with slings! And, ma'am, they're all with the nicest rows of beds in boxes, and clean tin pans to eat from; and they're all contented like they was in heaven, a-wagging their tails!"

Now Janet had gone up to the stable-loft to see if she could find the stamp that stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp machine looked like a mad little "water dog," and would be good to have in an animal show; and, as she could not find it in the closet, she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look; and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down, after all, with the surprise of the sight that burst on her, all those dogs, all gazing at her and wagging their tails.

"You just go out and see for yourself, you, ma'am, and you, ma'am!" she burst out again, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining-room, where he must have been standing.

A great storm of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. "They're mine—I'm curing them! O mamma, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them,—good homes! Just give me time, mamma! I never meant to keep them, mamma, truly, only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them; and they haven't got a friend in the world but me! I had to take out meat and things to them mamma; but I did without myself: I never meant to take out more of my share of things! And their growing jolly fellows,—they're getting along fine! Mamma, say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet,—say it mamma!"

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not going to die. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed and she kissed him. "You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured," she said, bending down and looking straight into his sacred eyes. "They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, how lovely it would be!"

And Sam cried joyfully: "Oh, I will, mamma! I will!" —Lucia Chase Bell, in *Little Folks*.

Canned Flowers.

Ethel's auntie was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when snow is on the ground.

She looked out of the window at the flowers, and said, "I wish we could have some of them, and have them next winter."

Auntie laughed and said, "Go out doors and watch the bees awhile, then come and tell me what you think about it."

When Ethel came back she said, "I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey." —Primary Plans.

Tangle Town.

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE REES.

(Solutions and original puzzles solicited from all readers of this paper. Name, address and nom de plume, if one is used, should be appended to each communication. Write on one side of the paper only and address everything pertaining to his department to the editor: Leslie Rees, P. O. Box 1385, Denver, Colo.)

New Tangles.

No. 1, Prize Square Tangle,

ONJMO
NAKOW
JKSED
MOEHO
OWDOL

How many names of birds can you obtain from the letters in the above square? Letters may be used as often as required, except a letter must not appear in any one name oftener than it appears in the square. A prize is offered for the largest correct list of names.

No. 2, Anagram.

"PARK, I KNOT" thee, said the Czar,
Thou art away down below par;
Since thou canst not whip the Japs,
I will try some other chaps.

Abe E. See.

No. 3, Square.

1. A city of Europe in Italy.
2. A going out.
3. Pirates.
4. A city of Russia.
5. A nurse.
6. To clear, as of trees.

Alexander.

No. 4, Charade.

When tall, lean and hungry,
My first you will spy;
And when heir to a fortune
You also should try
To use my first freely:
Or if condemned to die,
Appeal to the Governor
The same first will apply.

My second is found in
Both mammal and man,
In a bran new umbrella,
Sometimes in a pan.
My whole joined together,
In line not in ring;
Well seasoned, and browned, names
A dish for a king.

Flora.

No. 5, Characteristic Initials.

1. Charming Delineator.
2. General Worthy.
3. Assassinated Liberator.
4. Just and Generous.
5. Gentleman Celebrated.

Chester Dorr.

No. 6, Beheadment.

Unchanged, I would be called quite
"thin,"
Beheaded, "to remove the skin."
Cut off my head again, you'll see,
A form now of the verb "to be."
Cut off again and I am told,
"A note in music" you'll behold.
Behead again, and then in me,
"A wellknown vowel," you'll quickly
see.

F. Reeman.

No. 7, Right Rhomboid.

Across:
1. To warble. 2. A hut. 3. A devil.
4. A wanderer. 5. Not so old.
Down:
1. A letter. 2. An exclamation.
3. A measure. 4. Across. 5. A fruit.
6. To be fond of. 7. Recent.
8. A musical note. 9. A letter.

Morton L. Mitchell.

No. 8, Charade.

My whole, a tree in tropics sold,
We love a first when he is bold,
A part of one's face is my second,
While in sea mud, my third is reckoned.

E. P.

No. 9, Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A fixed rule.
3. One who loses. 4. Manner.
5. Queer. 6. Part of a mile.
7. A letter.

Fred Merches.

No. 10, Dropped Rhymes.

She said, "This bread is very —,"
How could she tell me such a —?
I always knew she was full of —,
She oft indulges in a —.
But I did not think my little —
Could be such a very naughty —.

H. M. Bagley.

No. 11, Square.

1. An early American explorer.
2. To humble. 3. A seaport of Brazil.
4. A willow. 5. Rends.

Morton L. Mitchell.

July Prizes.

For the month of July, six good prizes, will be awarded as follows:-

1. For the best list of solutions to the tangles published in this issue.
2. For the second best list.
3. For the largest list of correct names obtained from the "Prize Square Tangle" printed above.

4. and 5. Among those solving from one to seven puzzles.

6. For the best original tangle of any kind received during the month.

Contest closes July 31, by which date all matter must reach the editor. Answers to puzzles in this issue, with a list of the prize winners, will be published in the September issue.

Answers to May Puzzles.

No. 1. Luke-warm.

MOBBY
OBOLE
BOHEA
BLEAR
YEARN

No. 3. Headshake, headgear, headwind, headlong, headlight, headstrong, headache, headstone.

No. 4. CREAM
EAVES
RELIC
REGAL
ENDOW

No. 5. an-D-es
id-A-ho
no-R-th
mi-L-an
qu-I-to
ge-N-oa
ta-G-us

No. 6. Copper, person, sonnet, network, workman, manor, oral, allow, lowly, lyra, raven, Venice, Iceland, landscape, scapegrace, graceful, Fulton, tonsil, silver.

No. 7. "Midsummer in the Garden."

No. 8. SPADE
PECAN
ACUTE
DATUM
ENEMY

No. 9. Con-dense.

No. 10. ERASE
REVEL
AVOID
SEIZE
ELDER

May Prize Winners.

1. Fred Kazmeier, Kiel, Wis.
Mary L. Walker, Manchester Center, Vt.

3. Otilie Alger, Hermosa, S. D.
4. Ophelia, Bellington, Wash.
5. Mrs. J. A. Renton, Belleville, Mich.
6. Morton L. Mitchell, Orillia, Iowa.
7. Fred Merches, Oldham, S. D.

Tangle Talk.

Many new friends are with us this month for the first time and we extend a hearty welcome.

Do not become impatient if your contributions are not published immediately. All accepted tangles will be used as early as possible.

Flora: Kindly send answer to the last Charade you submitted, and oblige the editor.

Morton L. Mitchell: We have observed your work in other departments and are glad to enroll your name.

Our address is now P. O. Box 1385.

Don't forget.

A Dog's Hot Bath.

BY JONAS JUTTON

The following is a true story of a little shaggy dog that took a bath which greatly pained and surprised him:

Several young men started from Searcy, Ark., in a wagon, for the Lone Star State. One of the travelers had a small dog named "Bragg," which his owner prized very highly, as he was of a kind, gentle disposition, though ever on the alert for the approach of strangers. Bragg was considered a valuable acquisition to the party, as he would act as guard, and let the campers know of the approach of danger.

It was a hot, sultry day in August that the wagon and its occupants left Searcy on their westward way. The second day out, the party reached Hot Springs, some forty miles from their starting point. At that time this noted health resort was but little known, and thousands did not visit it annually in search of health and recreation. Bragg had been on the lookout for water, with which to slake his thirst, and in which to cool his heated body. Not knowing that there was any difference in the temperature of water, the dog ran yelping with delight to a spring almost boiling hot, but which to him looked cool and inviting and jumped in. With a howl of pain and surprise, he scrambled out and made a bee line for Searcy, nor stopped until he reached there the following morning, much to the surprise of the family, who thought him well on his way to his new home. He did not care to go to a country where he could not drink of and wallow in every body of water he ran across.

The First Artificial Lights.

The first step in artificial illumination was the resinous knot, out of which men fashioned a torch. When the nineteenth century dawned the children of America were learning to read by the light of the pine knot and the combustion of logs at an open fireplace. It is hard to think that the world groped on to the thirteenth century without even discovering the tallow candle, yet so it was.

During the early ages mankind was literally "plunged in darkness." When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the best they could do for light was to adopt the pine knot illumination methods of the red men. Eliot translated the Bible by a spluttering, smoky torch. Between this primitive plan and the electric search light of today there is a long step, but the path of progress has been one of slow gradation.

Discovery of Potatoes.

The Spaniards met with the potato in Peru, where it had long been cultivated by the natives, but it was well nigh 100 years before it was taken over to Europe. In 1587 we hear of its being introduced into Spain, while in the previous year Sir Walter Raleigh began to cultivate it in Ireland from seed which was taken over from North Carolina.

Interesting Facts.

Leather railway ties are made by grinding scrap leather very fine, subjecting to a refining process, and compressing to different grades of hardness in a moulding machine.

It is estimated that the Eskimo population of Alaska, Labrador and Greenland has declined from 30,000 to 15,000 in twenty years, owing to the thinning out of seal, walrus and bear.

Uncle Sam has on his pay roll about 10,000 boys from fourteen to nineteen years old, who are employed as special delivery messengers. Each boy gets eight cents out of the ten cents paid the government for a special delivery stamp.

No mortal ever knew as much as the young man thinks he knows. He learns only by his own experience when he might learn at much less cost by the experience of others, and after he pays his tuition, it is often too late to profit by his knowledge.

It is asserted by a sculptor that the human foot is becoming smaller. The masculine foot of twenty centuries ago was about twelve inches long. The average man's foot of today is easily fitted with a number eight and one-half shoe, which is not more than ten and seven sixteenths inches in length.

"Who is the richest man in the world?" asks an exchange and begins measuring millions against millions. All wrong. The richest man in the world is the one that gets the greatest amount of happiness out of what he has, whatever it is. It is an old truth, but it was never truer than it is today.

Candles are used extensively in Mexico owing to the great expense of petroleum. A bookkeeper may be seen making his entries in a great ledger by the light of a single candle. A Mexican printer can work with a candle stuck into one of his boxes, and two tailors in the small shops can be seen sharing the rays of a single dip.

Pliny, the great naturalist, who lived about the time of Christ, reckoned the whole number of known species of fish at ninety-four. Linnaeus, the great Swedish investigator of the eighteenth century, could classify four hundred and seventy-eight; and he is known to have been the greatest ichthyologist of the age in which he lived. The progress made in that particular branch since the time of Linnaeus seems all the more wonderful, for now over thirteen thousand species show up in the catalogue of the fish specialists.

A Bit of Humor.

Mrs. Highmus—I'm a good deal worried about my nephew. He's getting to be a confirmed agnostic.

Mrs. Gaswell—My sister used to be awfully troubled with that. She cured it with bone liniment.

Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money?

United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its swift flight.

"Papa" said little Arthur after his mother had punished him, "will you do something for me?"

"Marry somebody else, and I wish you'd pick out grandma, because she's always kind to me."

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Your name written very fine on 1 Doz. cards for 15c. Samples and terms to ag'ts for rd stamp. Ag'ts wanted W.A. Bode, 48-27th St., S.S. Pittsburg, Pa.

Cards Cannot be told from a Cigar but pull the ash end and a hand-squeezed fan comes out. Sample by mail 10c. STAR MAIL ORDER CO., Burlington, Vt.

LADIES, MARRIED, SINGLE Pain, Worry and Sickness leave you health, and happiness return. Write us fully. We will send you free trial treatment of a wonderful new remedy for all female disorders. THE HOME MFG. CO., Box 1890, Boston Mass.

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IV. For stamp and 5 names of mothers will send sample outfit either Gertrude or Reform Outfits for Baby.

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THE MOTHER'S MEETING

"God could not be everywhere—so He made Mothers."

By Victoria Wellman.



NOTE—Letters requesting private reply should be addressed to Victoria Wellman, 500 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. All letters accompanied by a stamp will receive reply in due order.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll!
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!

A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost
Or marred where the tangled threads have cross'd;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

Alas! Despite endless warnings mothers persist. Healthy babes possessing grand constitutions are made victims of later chronic digestive troubles because temporarily they are "so smart" they live despite pickles, meat, hot bread, pie, plums, pears, bananas, etc., given by boastful parents. To such "forewarned is forearmed" means naught. In France a wise government regulation imposes a fine on parents who allow use of tube bottles, give solid food under the age of one year, and moreover there are food inspectors who do inspect and condemn, also inspectors who seize cooking utensils in which careless usage has destroyed the tin or agate, or brass or copper ones not properly kept.

How many American farmer's wives would use rusty milk pans and pails—so detrimental to good milk!—and village folk accustomed to cooking acid foods in miserable tins or broken agate ware (using same later to cook food for baby!) who know better might dread the kitchen Inspector's visit. Woe would befall the slattern whose dish cloth smells of neglect and grease, who spares soap and hot rinse water on the cooking utensils and without one pang wipes these most important vessels, washed scantily in greasy water remaining from all the preceding dishes, throws a dash of rinse water at them (a mere form) and caps the climax by wiping them on a dish rag "squeezed out of said greasy dish water!" In the name of cleanliness, at least keep baby's dishes immaculate, free of the filth germs in that "dish rag."

It may be said of a good cook—"By the dish cloth ye shall know her."

In summer all these will have a more threatening power. At resorts where many imagine they shall secure an ideal holiday for the family, one's stomach finds too many causes for upheaval. Home seems sweeter by contrast. Right here I wish to state that not a few cranky infants develop this affliction so seriously at lake or seashore resorts that parents are unable to remain; for such I commend piney hills and dry sunshiny climate.

Just what may precipitate a serious disorder in an infant under two years during hot weather either in nurslings, weanlings, bottle babies, or teething ones, may vary so widely that a general statement might be:

Keep the child cool but do not chill nor rashly expose.

Retain the thin, knit band throughout second summer.

Give plenty of water to drink, orange juice or grape juice.

Have a simple limited diet. Underfeed rather than overfeed.

Plenty of underclothing for changes according to weather or cleanliness, no matter how simple the dresses may be. Healthy babies are good and beautiful.

Out door air, sunlight, well aired bedding and abundant tepid baths and exercise. Muscle beating mildly applied is beneficial for growing baby muscles.

No late hours. Regular naps. Nervous exciting plays or too much loneliness are alike unjust. A calm voiced mother, slow, steady movements are splendid helps to prevent "nerves".

Sometimes despite good daily care, illness or fevers arise or a contagious disease complicates teething. Still a rule might be stated as follows: Properly born a baby is never "cross" or ill if given right physical training.

Splendid books are published on these lines in which the details are carefully explained. Dollars invested to secure health seems so much wiser than sums spent to secure a cure—with loss of time and with some one's anxiety and pain counted also.

Prevention always is wiser than cure.

Thoughtful Mothers.

"And Mary pondered these things in her heart," we read of the sweet faced, sorely tried Madonna. Doubtless there were many critics to stab her by speeches about Jesus as being a "dreamer," and probably her neighbors were less critical than some relatives whose license to judge seemed their one privilege. It is hard to see one child an eccentric individual, you know, or have one behave stupidly, etc., but here is the thoughtful mother's golden hour. She really reads books and magazines full of good ideas knowing that by the stimulation thus obtained she may more perfectly aid her children of whose heredity or environment she has well grounded fears; she thinks of what she has read, "ponders" and prays over the children in a loving union of intellect and soul such as only "born mothers" comprehend or feel; she attends few clubs or meetings, maybe, but at each she finds food for thought; to her the child soul is a marvel and the child-body a lovely temple to be kept for God's not the devil's purposes; she sows Truth on that little comprehended subject the mystery of Sex and its divine purity, sows seeds of Truth in those early days when mere tots ask wondering questions and she thus crowds out the evil seed of impure knowledge someone soon will seek to sow.

God bless the thoughtful mother and rich is her reward if she preserves despite these days of "nerves," artificial excitements of the brain, public toleration of grave evils and positive dangers to which every individual sooner or later is exposed. God give us one generation of mothers who think more than they feel, think more than they speak, and soon the "good time a coming" will be here.

Every mother is called to be a Madonna. Let mothers learn the divine meaning of their pains and burdens and be comforted.

Home Life.

The home life may change, but it will not be disrupted. Nothing can destroy the home life. The more women become the equals of men and the more they are considered and treated as equals the stronger will the home life become. Women in the home used to be considered as dependents; I might almost say as incubations. Now, with their increased education, ability and opportunities, they are better able to make the home life what it should be. It is not simply breadmaking, mending and dishwashing that make the home, women of today are being trained to preside in the home with skill and science, and naturally they are better able to improve the home life, to raise its standard, to make it ideal.

—Susan B. Anthony

Special Invitation to Ladies

To advertise it, I will send a 50c Jar of the Medicinal Cream for Face, Arms, Neck, and Bust, for the names of 10 ladies who appreciate a nice appearance, or 25c in Postage. Reliable Lady Agents Wanted. Address: Mrs. Harriet I. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.

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Heart Talks

BY MRS. CATHERINE WALTER

NOTE: The object of this department is to place all subscribers who are in need of sympathy and advice in communication with a woman of large experience and warm sympathies who will give each case her careful thought and consideration.

All communications for this department should be addressed to Mrs. Catherine Walter, 352 W. 23d Street, New York City.

Dear Friends and Sisters:—The summer holidays are here once more and with them all the added care and anxiety that they bring to the mothers of families, when so many active little people have to find a vent for their energy now their lessons are over. It is Mama, here, and Mama, there, and little muddy or dusty feet tracked through the kitchen or the house, and in most cases no thought is given to poor Mama's extra work. And I am sorry to say this is largely her own fault.

Children, when they are little, are over-indulged and, later on, allowed their own way "for peace sake," until there is no peace for anyone else. And they are really not as happy themselves as if they had a firm, even hand over them. That is why a teacher can do more with them because they know they *have* to mind. And I think children would pay as much respect to their parents' wishes if the parents insisted on it and many fits of anger, whippings, etc., with their consequent upsetting of the nervous equilibrium would be avoided. Let me advise mothers to learn to say "No" to a child as if they meant it and to show that they meant it. There would not be half so many broken down mothers if children were taught to respect their parents as in former days.

It is not fair to a child to give it all the responsibility of its own bringing up and then expect it to do just as we wish. Children cannot judge what is best for themselves and need guidance and a certain amount of control, and although American mothers love their children very dearly they are apt to make tyrants of them and then it is too late to rebel. I would advise mothers to demand some little service from each child during the holidays, and also teach them to wait on themselves. They will think much more of you than if they are allowed to run wild from morning till night. I know it is easier to preach than to practice, but I am thinking of the poor, patient mothers.—Mrs. W.

Martin:—In answer to your letter asking advice about leaving your home and all your people and going away to seek your fortune elsewhere, I would advise you to consider well before you make any decision. In many cases it is the very best thing a young man can do. A boy is apt to get spoiled staying at home with his mother and sisters to do everything for him, but if he goes out into the world he soon gets the conceit knocked out of him, and then he really begins to learn, if he is worth anything and knows how to observe. But you need to have a good strong will and plenty of good sense; and even then you may be made a fool of many times before you learn wisdom. But we learn by our mistakes, and it is these experiences that make us strong if we know how to turn them to account.

The North West is a great field—Montana, Oregon, Washington, etc.—and there are always opportunities for a steady enterprising fellow who is willing to turn his hand to whatever comes up in the way of employment. If you have a regular trade, you might make enough at that while watching your opportunity to do better.

However, as I said, think it well over before you decide and having put your hand to the plough do not turn back, but fight your way to prosperity and then perhaps some of your family may join you if you decide to go West. If you do, I wish you all success.—Mrs. W.

From a Reader—
I wish to ask Mrs. Walter if she will advise me what to do, as I am so placed that I cannot ask anyone's advice without getting someone into unpleasant talk.

Some years ago a young gentleman was very attentive to me and I thought the world of him. We were to be married, when, the day before the wedding was to take place, he suddenly disappeared and no one in the place has since heard of him. Some thought he had taken his life, but

his family insisted that he had no reason to do so and the mystery was never cleared up.

The shock and disappointment made me very ill, but as soon as I got well I took up my life as usual as I felt impressed that I should hear of him again. Yesterday, in looking through a paper that my father had brought home I saw the name of this very person mentioned among others in connection with some mechanical work in a Western town. When I read his name my old love awoke and I would give anything to know if he still remembers me. We are both young yet. Shall I write to him? Please advise me.—Reader.

Reader:—Your experience is a peculiar one, but I have known of similar cases, some of which turned out satisfactorily as I hope yours may do. Yes, I would write a kind, genial letter telling him you had seen his name just by chance, but had said nothing about it as you did not know if he wished his old friend to know where he was, and also you were not sure if it was really himself or someone of the same name, and thought you would write to find out if he really wished to forget all his old friends and could give no explanation of his sudden departure.

Tell him that you never forgot him, but do not wish to hold him to anything, only ask him to assure you that he had no valid reason for leaving as he did. Say you hope he is happy and prosperous and that he will think it worth his while to let you know. Sign yourself by your first name only, in case it should be another person by the same name, then no one would be any the wiser. Let me know if you hear in reply.—Mrs. W.

From a little girl.

Dear Mrs. Walter—Do you think little girls should be made to do housework when they have to go to school?

My mama says I should help her on Saturday morning and I want so much to go out and play. She lets me play in the afternoon, but I want the whole day as it is my only holiday all week.

Please write to Vick's Family Magazine and tell me what you think.—Flossie.

Dear Flossie—I will answer your letter at once. I think you must be a very selfish little girl if you cannot help your mother one day out of the seven for a few hours in the morning.

Do you think your mama ever has a holiday, and don't you suppose she would like holiday just as well as you do? But she cannot get it, for she has to think of everyone else in the house before she thinks of herself. She has to get breakfast so that you can get off to school in time, and have dinner ready for you at noon, and then supper in the evening. And perhaps she makes your clothes and does the mending for your papa and brothers if you have any. I do not like to think that she does her own washing for she has enough to do without it, but she probably washes and irons your summer dresses so that you may look pretty and feel cool, and she has no time to make herself look pretty and no chance to keep cool with all her housework to do.

If you think of this, I do not believe you will ever again mind helping her in the house on Saturday morning when she has so much to do so as to give you nice things to eat on Sunday. If all little girls were taught to help their mothers they would grow up to make much better wives and housekeepers.

I do not think children who go to school should be made to work every day as they should run out and play after school, but a few hours on Saturday will not hurt them, and I am sure it is only because you did not think, and not because you wanted to be selfish that you did not want to help Mama. You will enjoy your play much better if you feel you have done something to help your mother who does so much for you. Think of this whenever you grow impatient.—Mrs. W.

Will Isley, of North Carolina, a reader of Vick's writes to Cora M., whose letter appears in May issue: "I would like to say a word to Cora M. I once had a

dear mother. I was her only child. I left her to make money. I made the money and brought it home and gave it to her and then she said: 'Son, I want you with me.' Dear children, take care of your mother, the best friend on earth."

Mrs. G.—Your letter received. You certainly need sympathy, for your troubles though they are partly of your own making are none the less real to you. You complain that your husband does not take an interest in what interests you and before you were married he seemed to like everything that you liked. That is just the trouble, there is too much "seeming" before marriage and the disillusion is sometimes rather sad for a young woman. But if that is all you have to complain of you need not worry. The first year of married life young people have to learn to study each other if they wish to live harmoniously, but they frequently forget to do this and become impatient at some little peculiarity in the other's disposition that did not appear when they were "keeping company." Your husband is engaged in the serious business of making a living and a home for you and is probably tired when he comes home and is not interested in trivial matters, so you must humor him a little—but not too much for men, like children, are easily spoiled by over indulgence. When he has had a good supper and is a little rested he will be more ready to listen to you if what you have to tell him is really worth listening to. If he is the right kind of a man he will understand that you need humorizing also and by mutual forbearance you may get along smoothly and be very happy.—Mrs. W.

Mrs. B.—The subject to which you allude is one that requires a great deal of thought and tact in dealing with it. You say you think someone has prejudiced one of your step-children against you—that she seemed to love you at first, but her manner has changed.

Most of the trouble of that kind is made by outsiders, and foolish, ignorant stories told which children are only too apt to listen to. In your place I would not pay too much attention to the child's manner or seem worried by it, but try, if possible, to find out who has been talking to her and then see what can be done quietly. Children are very fond of making pretenses, but if you pay absolutely no attention to them it sometimes has a better effect than letting them see you notice them. Of course, if anyone is trying to make mischief, the matter should be settled at once, as those things may make a home very unhappy. Get the other children interested in something and the one you mention will probably want to join in also and by degrees you can win her back without appearing to do so. Some of the loveliest mothers I know are step-mothers. Let me know if this plan succeeds.—Mrs. W.

How to Keep Young.

To keep young in mind is a great blessing, and we could do this by surrounding ourselves with interests, and especially the interests and pleasures of the young.

With boys you may keep the everlasting secret of youth by entering into their lessons first, then their play or sports; and, lastly, the absorbing interest of their business or profession. With girls, as some one has beautifully written, "You must be their companion. The love between a mother and daughter is a very fair and gracious tie, but to gain it you must find the golden mean between priggishness and want of dignity, for you must enjoy life without being frivolous; you must guide unconsciously, so that the check is unnoticed; you must learn the art of making new friendships, to appreciate new impressions, to move with the times; and, above all, you must never appear dowdy!" It is a great mistake; but, alas! too common a one, to neglect dress; it is absolutely imperative that the middle-aged woman be garbed becomingly and well. It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to the world in general. We are always influenced by our surroundings, and a well-dressed woman has the same effect on our senses as a charming picture or a melodious strain of music. Believe me, there is a dignity, as well as a grace, in dress which does much to influence those about us.

—Alice E. Argente.

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GOOD IDEAS

NOTE—We offer a three years' subscription (or three yearly subscriptions to separate addresses) for each contribution to this department that is found acceptable for publication. Write your "ideas" on a separate sheet of paper and address to "Good Idea Department."—Editor.

Ironing Holders.

By Lenora F. Channon.

The best ironing holders I ever saw were made from old wornout stockings. Cut off the foot and fold up to the size you wish, tacking around the edge to prevent rumpling when being washed.

My Way of Cooking Rice.

Have ready in double kettle one quart of boiling salted water. Put one coffee cupful of rice into a clean baking pan and parch in a moderate oven until rice begins to turn a light yellow. Stir it while very hot into boiling water and boil rapidly fifteen or twenty minutes. Cooked in this way rice is never sticky, is partly predigested, and tastes better.

Stove Polish

E. C. W.

My stove had become rusty and I could not make the blacking stick. I took a cup of cold coffee and added one tablespoon of laundry soap shaved, one tablespoon of coal oil shaved in blacking to make it as thick as cream. I set it on the stove and let it come to a boil, then used it on the stove while quite warm. It gave a nice lustre and did not brush off.

For Stomach Trouble

Mrs. Jennie Ruley

A helpful thing to me has been the use of olive oil for stomach trouble. Three years ago, I could seldom eat any supper, and many victuals I dare not taste. I began using the oil after meals, at first only a small dose, increasing until I took a teaspoonful at a time; after using it about three months the unpleasant taste ceased and I could drink from the bottle. In three months more, all sign of stomach trouble was gone.

Keeping Enamelware Clean

Mrs. W. M. Knoer

I wonder how many housekeepers ever tried greasing the outside of their enamel ware, pots, kettles, and stew basins before placing them on the stove to cook in? Now if any one who wants to keep them looking nice will grease them all over first before cooking in them she will find that there is no trouble to wipe the smoke off. Just take a piece of newspaper and save the dish rag. If required to cook for any length of time sitting directly over the fire, grease quite thick, but for sitting on top of stove or only a few moments on the fire, a bacon rind will grease them sufficiently. Smoke can be scoured off with fine ashes for a time but after a while they scratch it all up and the looks are spoiled forever.

To Remove Mildew

By Mrs. R. B. Moulton

I used to think that mildew could not be removed from cloth, but I had a fine linen table cloth badly mildewed by being laid away damp in hot weather. By dipping the table cloth in clear water and hanging it dripping on the clothes-line in the sun and repeating the operation as soon as it was dry, in one week the mildew had all disappeared and the table cloth was as white as snow. I have removed grape and plum stains and all kinds of stains from white cloth in the same way. Iron rust can be removed by soaking the article rusted in sour milk, real sour butter milk or clabber.

Ironing Ribbons

By Mrs. W. M. Knoer.

If you have a ribbon that is creased and you want it to look like new, do not heat up a flat iron and smooth out the

creases, for nine times out of ten you won't succeed, at least your creases will show some. Take a quart beer bottle or glass fruit can and fill it with boiling hot water, seal up. Now wrap once around with a paper, any kind of newspaper, don't pin or tie with string as it will show on the ribbon. Wrap the ribbon around the paper and put on straight too, if you want it ironed straight. Wrap a paper over the ribbon to hold in place and pin the paper securely but not through the ribbon, set aside for twenty-four hours and you will be delighted. It will look perfectly fresh and new. This is no hear-say as the writer does that way.

Garnishes For Meat and Fish

By Mrs. J. T. Young

Lemon is almost a universal garnish, the same may be said of parsley.

Parsley and celery tops for cold meat, poultry and fish, and for chops, cutlets, steaks and salads. Parsley is also used for roasts, and parsley or curled lettuce for scalloped oysters. Slices of lemon cut very thin for sardines, raw oysters, broiled fowl, turkey, fish, roast veal, steaks, salads.

Sheep sorrel may be used in place of lemon and is exceedingly pretty.

Water cresses may be used for mock duck. Garden fennel for salmon or mackerel. Capers for salads. Currant jelly for game, cold tongue, etc.

Gherkins or large pickles cut crosswise for cold corned beef sliced.

Cold hard-boiled eggs, sliced, for cold boiled ham cut in thin slices. Link sausages for roast turkey—put around the edge of the platter. Boiled carrot sliced for boiled beef.

Beets, pickled and sliced for cold meat, boiled beef and salt fish.

Potato croquettes or saratoga potatoes may be used with a roast or sirloin of beef.

Boiled rice is used on the platter around a boiled leg of mutton, and boiled rice in balls, dotted with bright jelly has a pretty effect around a plate of cold meat.

Anchovies may be used as a garnish for cold meats—and anchovies on toast furnish a nice relish.

From a Western Ranch

By May Leonard

When one lives upon a ranch and employs a lot of men, flour sacks accumulate wonderfully fast. They may be put to many uses besides tea towels. I make all my kitchen aprons from the hundred pound sacks. The selvage does for the sides, and being a short woman, a deep hem makes an apron of the right length. The band and bib are cut from another sack.

They keep clean as long as gingham aprons and are easier to wash and look dresser. Where one has to furnish extra beds at lambing and shearing time, nice bed ticks can be made from these sacks to fill with hay for beds.

Make with an opening in the center to close with buttons and holes, and when not wanted, empty, wash and put away.

Three fifty pound flour sacks will make two common sized pillow slips and hay pillows can be made to go with the ticks for emergency beds. I use the slips upon the men's beds. They soon bleach out and are easy to wash.

When I came upon the ranch all my summer clothes were white or delicate colored, and they soiled so soon and lost their color with the hard water, that I dyed all the skirts black with fast black Diamond dye for cotton, and two of the wrappers with turkey red dye. The waists I left white except where they had become stained and spotted, and those I dyed black. My every day white petticoats, I put in after dying the skirts and they took a pretty gray.

Where one uses white oilcloth upon the dining table they should have top mats to put under the hot dishes.

The easiest ones to make are made of several thicknesses of white goods (I use crash or butchers linen for the outside with three thicknesses of flour sack between), sewed around the edge in a seam, turned and quilted upon the machine with white thread in diamonds. I then buttonhole the edge with scarlet silkateen and crochet a tiny scallop of the same. They wash well if not too much soiled, by using ivory soap and warm water.

Clothes-Pin Bags.

Priscilla.

There are many kinds of bags used to hold clothes-pins but the very handiest of all is the apron bag. This is made like a short and narrow apron with the lower edge turned up to form pockets. The band is buttoned around the waist when hanging out or taking in clothes, and at other times is buttoned together and hung on a nail in the wash room. Any kind of strong material may be used for the bag but grass linen, toweling and white duck or canvass are best liked. They can be washed in pearl suds without injury and so are especially adapted for clothes-pin bags, laundry bags and other articles that must make frequent visits to the wash tub. The bags for soiled clothes, clothes-pins, pieces, etc., should be strong and roomy instead of fanciful.

Economy in the Household.

(Continued from page twelve.)

which do not deteriorate by keeping; head rice is the best quality as the grains are not broken.

Figs by the box are very much cheaper as well as being cleaner than those which stand around in the store. When needed, rinse well in a colander and stand on a shelf of the stove to dry.

Raisins, currants, prunes and dates can be bought fresh about the last of November.

Lemons — When the fresh crop of

lemons comes in the winter, they often have a greenish tinge—then the housekeeper knows it is safe to invest in a supply, for in that condition they will last a long time.

Maple Sugar must not be forgotten in the year's supplies. The very best quality is cheapest. To make the syrup use about one-third of white granulated sugar. This is cheaper than buying an inferior quality of the maple which is already adulterated with cheap brown sugar. Boil till thoroughly dissolved, skim and put in bottles for winter use. Seal with wax or paraffin.

In the same way, stationery by the pound, ink by the quart, and pencils by the dozen save quite a bit.

The subject is not nearly exhausted—each housekeeper can study into the matter by going over her own accounts, finding what supplies are used for a year, or where this is impossible begin with a month's supply. A simple account book can be kept something after the form given on page twelve using the two open pages of any blank book.

In this way each subject can be added by itself at the end of the month and some idea obtained of the amount of supplies needed.

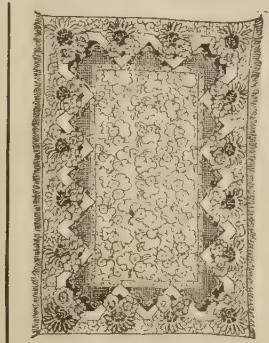
GOOD RECIPES.

German Crullers.—One cup thick sour cream, three cups sifted flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup sugar, two eggs, one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Beat eggs, add sugar, then sour cream, vanilla, and salt. Sift baking powder into flour, mix, roll out and cut with small fried cake cutter. When fried in boiling fat, drain and dust with powdered sugar.

Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book.

There is no mistake about using the sour cream and baking powder but there must be no milk in the cream.

Ginger Snaps.—Boil together one cup lard, one cup sugar, one cup N. O. molasses, then add two cups flour, cool. Add one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon, two teaspoons soda wet with vinegar, one beaten egg, five cups of flour if possible. Roll thin as knife blade, cut small.

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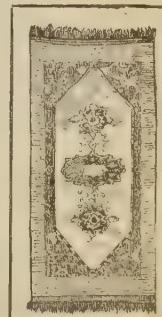
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EDITORS

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It is not our intention to admit to the columns of VICK'S FAMILY MAGAZINE any advertising that is not entirely trustworthy and we will make good to actual paid in advance cash subscribers any loss sustained by patronizing Vick advertisers who prove to be deliberate frauds, provided this magazine is mentioned when writing advertisers and complaint is made to us within twenty days of the transaction.

We will always attempt to settle disputes between subscribers and reputable advertisers nor will we assume any responsibility for losses resulting from honest bankruptcy. We intend to protect our subscribers from frauds and fakirs and will appreciate it if our readers will report any crooked or unfair dealing on the part of any advertiser in Vick's.

My Creed

If any little word of ours
Can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word,
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
Can make one life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
Can make one step the fleetest;
If any little help may ease
The burden of another,
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

If any watchful thought of ours
Can make some work the stronger;
If any cheery smile of ours
Can make its brightness longer,
Then let us speak that thought to-day
With tender eyes a-glowing,
So God may grant some weary one
Shall reap from our glad sowing.

From Poor Richard's Almanac.

Visits should be short, like a winter's day.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man a woman.

He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of most medicines.

Beware of meat twice boiled, and an old foe reconciled.

A fine genius in his own country is like gold in a mine.

Would you live with ease, do what you ought, and not what you please.

Blame-all and praise-all are two block-heads.

No man e'er was glorious who was not laborious.

All things are easy to industry; all things difficult to sloth.

Where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.

All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful.

Be good to thy friend to keep him; to thy enemy to gain him.

A good man is seldom uneasy; an ill one never easy.

He that cannot obey cannot command.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

If you would be revenged of your enemy, govern yourself.

He does not possess wealth; it possesses him.

Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.

Avarice and happiness never saw each other; how then should they become acquainted?

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

By diligence and patience the mouse bit in two the cable.

The family of fools is ancient.

Necessity never made a good bargain.

Great beauty, great strength and great riches are really and truly of no great use; a right heart exceeds all.

Gems of Thought.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

The wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses and that he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Not what we think or say, but what we do, will have its effect upon the world. Let, then, the thinker do and the doer think. —Rob Roy McNulty

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late, They touch the shining hills of day;

The evil cannot brook delay, The good can well afford to wait.

—Whittier.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time or money or anything else, to the best possible advantage.

All we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our material instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything.—Kipling, "The Light That Failed."

Neither woman nor man, nor any kind of creature in the universe, was born for the exclusive, or even the chief purpose of falling in love or being fallen in love with.—Carlyle.

There's nothing finer 'neath the sun Than brave right living; duty done At stroke of hour; kind thoughts bestowed;

And life to ease a brother's load.

—Exchange.

It is true that we need help in following the religious life, and that, under the consciousness of sin, and in our thirst for God, we turn instinctively to nobler spirits than our own and seek their aid and guidance.—James Drummond.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.

—John Ruskin.

Let Me Send You One of My Books. If You Have Any Eye Trouble You should Read My Book "Eye Diseases Cured without Surgery." If You are Deaf or Have Catarrh You Should Have My Book "How I Cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh." Either Book sent Free on Request.



How I Make the Blind See and Cure Eye Diseases

How I Cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh

Deafness and "head noises" are caused usually by Catarrh.

The little tube which leads from the throat to the ear becomes clogged up.

It is like this—a cold is contracted and neglected. There are at first noises in the head. Other colds are taken.

The little tube becomes more and more clogged up.

When it is stopped up a little you have "head noises" and become a little deaf.

As the Catarrh is allowed to become Chronic and the tube is closed up more and more, you grow deaf and deaf until the hearing is entirely lost. The circulation is impaired and in some cases entirely stopped.

The head noises often prevent sleep and sometimes produce insanity.

I was once a deaf man.

I tried all kinds of treatments in vain, and finally cured myself.

In treating myself I acted on the same principle by which I have been so successful in curing eye diseases.

I applied the wonderful Oneal Dissolvent Treatment—by which I restored sight to thousands—to the treatment of deafness.

This treatment cures the catarrh and then goes directly into the eustachian tube, until it finally reaches the middle ear.

The circulation is restored and all obstructions are removed.

The tube is opened and there is an equilibrium of air pressure, which is absolutely necessary to good hearing.

No one else has ever been able to do what I can do with this treatment.

My patients treat and cure themselves in their own homes.

Write me about your case. I will be glad to advise you free of charge.

I will send you my book. "How I Cure Deafness," and "My Personal Experience." A postal will do.

TO OUR READERS: We have investigated Dr. Oneal's methods and know troubles. We believe that he is not only a most competent oculist and aurist, but an honorable man as well, and advise any of our readers who have eye or ear trouble to send for his Free Books. Address

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State which book you want, as only one will be sent.

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100 fine visiting cards 25cts., 500 fine names \$1.00.

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5034 Nine Gored Walking Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.



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4998 Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.
4972 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist,
32 to 40 bust.
4975 Blouse with Scalloped Yoke,
32 to 40 bust.



5051 Loose Plaited Coat, 32 to 40 bust.
5052 Seven Gored Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.



4844 Shirt Waist House Gown, 32 to 42 bust.
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5011 Shirred Surplice House Gown,
32 to 40 bust.
4628 Child's Tucked Frock, 1 to 4 years.



4946 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.
4947 Child's Round Yoke Dress,
6 mos., 1, 2 and 4 years.



4938 Girl's Russian Dress, 4 to 10 years.
4855 Boy's Knickerbocker Suit, 4 to 10 years.



SPECIAL OFFER.

For a short time we will mail these patterns to any address for only 10 cents each or three for twenty-five cents. The regular retail prices range from 25 to 40 cents. The patterns are all of the latest New York models and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. With each is given full descriptions and directions—quantity of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

We can also furnish any of the patterns illustrated in the last five issues of Vick's Family Magazine. VICK PUBLISHING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

5065 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 40 bust.
4939 Five Gored Tucked Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.



3823 Child's Washable Hat, One size.

5062 Fancy Shirred Waist, 32 to 40 bust.
5063 Skirt with Shirred Serpentine Flounce,
22 to 30 waist.

Wild Eggs.

(Continued from page five.)

Greatly to the children's amazement, the man and the woman in the porch burst out laughing, and they laughed so long that it seemed each one was trying to out-laugh the other. Laughter is infectious, and the children joined in, not knowing in the least what they were laughing at.

And so Miss Fifield found them when she came in. "That boy," said Mrs. Winslow, when she could get her breath; "is going to have all the eggs he can eat, if it clears the farm."

"Tame eggs?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Yes, sonny; tame eggs. Wild eggs are pretty scarce about here," said James.

Since this eventful day, Mrs. Winslow has had no trouble with the Darling Home guests. Miss Fifield is careful, along with the rest of their education, to initiate each party as they arrive, into the mystery of the wild and the tame products of the country.

Mrs. Winslow has lost her fears, and is never tired of doing for the Darling children. Every party has a picnic day at the Winslow farm, and many a ride they get on James' "off days." They both declare that it does their hearts good to see the children enjoy themselves, and Mrs. Winslow avows that she thinks a sight of them, more than Miss Fifield herself.

Good Resolutions.

To be joyous in my work, moderate in my pleasures, chary in my confidence, faithful in my friendships.

To be energetic, but not excitable, enthusiastic, but not fanatical, loyal to the truth as I see it, but ever open-minded to the newer light.

To abhor gush as I would profanity and hate cast as I would a lie.

To be careful in my promises, punctual in my engagements, candid with myself, and frank with others.

To discourage shams and rejoice in all that is beautiful and true.

To do my work and live my life so that neither shall require defense nor apology.

To honor no one simply because rich or famous and despise no one because humble or poor.

To be gentle and considerate towards the weak, respectful, yet self-respecting, towards the great, courteous to all, obsequious to none.

To seek wisdom from great books and inspiration from good men.

To invigorate my mind with noble thoughts as I do my body with sunshine and fresh air.

To prize all sweet human friendships and seek to make at least one home happy.

To have charity for the erring, sympathy for the sorrowing, cheer for the despondent.

To leave the world a little better off because of me and to leave it when I must bravely and cheerfully with faith in God and good will to all my fellow-men.

Origin of Shoe-Shining.

Like everything else, the custom of shoe-shining had an origin. This is the story told to account for the habit now so profitable to small boys in large cities:

Some 200 years ago, says a writer in the London, Eng., Chronicle, a soldier called on a barber named Martin, who kept a small shop in Doncaster, and while being shaved, mentioned the fact that he was walking back to York to rejoin his regiment, not having enough money to travel by coach. The kind-hearted barber advanced him the necessary money, which the soldier repaid soon after, also inclosing with his letter a recipe for blacking that he and his fellow-soldiers had found useful for their boots. Martin soon after moved to London and began the business of blacking the boots of dandies, and amassed a fortune.

Poison in Oriental Rugs.

A salesman employed in the rug department of a big Market-street store died of blood poisoning the other day, and since then no one in the establishment is permitted to handle any new importations that have not been fumigated, unless gloves are worn. The salesman in question had scratched one of his fingers with a pin, and the supposition is that in opening a bale of rugs that had just come from the Orient he had become inoculated with poison, which resulted fatally.

"It's a wonder to me," said a friend of the victim, "that such cases are not more common. I have traveled through Turkey and Armenia, where most of the rugs are manufactured on hand looms amid filth and squalor indescribable, where the most loathsome of diseases are everywhere in evidence. These products while beautiful from an artistic point of view, may readily carry germs to other countries that might spread all sorts of horrible contagion."

—Philadelphia Record.

Willing to do as He did.

It is said that a Hillsdale minister who goes to church from his home in a carriage on Sundays received an anonymous letter recently calling his attention to the fact that the Lord never rode to church in a carriage. The minister read the letter from the pulpit and then said: "If the writer will come to me next Sunday, properly saddled and bridled, I will be glad to follow the Lord's example and come to church as He entered the city of Jerusalem."

WANTED District managers to post signs, advertise, and distribute samples. Salary \$18 weekly. \$3 per day for expenses. State age and present employment.

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A beautifully hand-painted, velvet pillow, size 2x3 in. Your choice Wild Rose, Poinsettia, Poppy or Violet; filled with sweet scented California flowers; imparting a fragrant, delicate, lasting perfume; to be worn on the person or kept in the clothing; sent to any address for 10c. 6 for 15c; mailing extra 10c. 25c, 65c. 90c; sofa pillow tops 22x22, \$1.50. Novelty Art Co., Box 11, Garvanza, Cal.

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Free to Ladies A USEFUL PRESENT. Send 2 neighbors names and 6 cents for postage and wrapping. **THE KEYS MFG. CO.** Summit Station, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED Boys and girls can make money after school as agents for the best magazine at 20c a year. Send today for terms. **WORLD WIDE FRIEND**, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo.

I Will Tell

Your Fortune Free

To prove my wonderful Powers, I will lay bare the Future like an open book.

I want to tell every reader of Vick's Magazine what the Future has in store for them: what happiness there is to come months and years to brighten their lives; what sorrows, disappointments and reverses are hidden in the future, most of which can be avoided if you only knew how to go about it.

It will not cost you a penny, to prove to your perfect satisfaction that my system of Practical Astrology will make your future like an open book, for I am willing to send you a Horoscope or Star Reading of your life free of charge. Simply send me your name, date of birth, sex, and whether married or single, and enclose with your letter a two cent stamp for return postage, and a Horoscope or reading of your life together with my interesting book "Know Thy Future" will be sent to you in a plain envelope, sealed and confidential.

When you receive this reading, you will discover how absolutely correct, as well as wonderfully helpful it is, and you will be glad to write me, when you wish to know what to do

about the future, for success in love, marriage, speculation or business. You will, I am sure, be glad to get out of your way to advise your friends to consult me, and in that way repay me for the cost of the free Horoscope I send you.

My system of Practical Astrology is different from that of any other Astrologer living or dead, hundreds of letters in my possession prove that I have predicted events that have actually come to pass, that if my advice had been followed, disappointment in love and money matters could have been avoided; that I have told the future as no one else has out done.

I print here a very few letters from friends who have been so well pleased, and so well satisfied with my work, that they have freely granted me permission, to use their names and portraits in my advertising.

Positively no letters are published without this permission.



Mrs. Dr. Murray

The Money and the Marriage came as Predicted.

IRONVILLE, N. Y.

The Life Reading prepared three years ago was correct. You said I was to have some little amount of money left me unexpectedly by a distant relative, an elderly lady. This has come true, and from a source I had no idea of at the time. What you foretold regarding marriage is also true.

MRS. DR. MURRAY.

NORWALK, OHIO.

Prof. Harris Edison, Binghamton, N. Y. Dear Sir:—My Life Horoscope is received and every word is true especially the past and the part pertaining to money matters. I would not take five dollars for it.

MRS. J. D. OLCOOT.

Riches.

The stars as read by me will tell what business or profession you should follow to gain wealth. I can also give your lucky days and months for speculating.



Mrs. Thompson.

NEWPORT, PA.

Prof. Harris Edison, Binghamton, N. Y. Dear Sir:—My life Horoscope received a few days ago and I am very much pleased with it; for all you have told me is true. I have three children exactly as you told me. Also what you told me regarding my early life is true.

Yours very truly,

MRS. THOMPSON.

Love.

Let me tell you how to be successful in love, and the person you should marry to insure a happy wedded life. The stars tell me all this plainly; let me tell you.



Louis Christianson.

Every Word is True.

Dear Sir:—Am more than pleased with my Horoscope and am willing to swear that every word is true. I believe that every person before starting in life should send to you for a reading.

LOUIS CHRISTIANSON.

FLAT, MISS.

Prof. Harris Edison, Binghamton, N. Y. Dear Sir:—Am perfectly delighted with Life Horoscope. Just to think of you telling my very thoughts. The past is true in every detail.

SUSIE B. HAMPTON.

RUTLAND, VT.

Prof. Harris Edison, Binghamton, N. Y. Dear Sir:—You are certainly master of your profession. You could not have described me more correctly had you always known me.

MRS. D. W. DANIELS.

Write me today, and learn what the future has in store for you.

Today may be the turning point in your fortune. Do not therefore delay but write to me at once and get the valuable information that I alone can give you. Do not send me any money but let me prove to you my wonderful powers and then help me by recommending my work to your friends.

ADDRESS PROFESSOR EDISON,

13 SEVENTH AVE.,

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Simply send me your full name, date of birth, your sex, whether married or single and a two cent stamp for return postage and the Horoscope will be immediately mailed to you sealed free of charge.

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I will send prepaid a beautiful Cactus in pot for 25c. Century plants, crated, \$1.00. Resurrection plants, 15 cents. W. H. DODD, Langtry, Texas.

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Corns and Bunions CURED FREE Indian medicated corn leaf, gives safe, sure and speedy relief, extracting the corn without pain. Mailed free on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and name of 5 friends suffering with corns.

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In The Garden



CONDUCTED BY JOHN ELLIOTT MORSE.

July And It's Demands.—A Busy Month.

That is what it will be for us. The ordinary home gardens require much care and attention at this season of year, as there will be crops maturing now that need to be removed as soon as their usefulness is past. Other crops should take their places in order that the ground may be kept busy. Owing to the hot dry weather often prevailing at this season of year, the soil should have extra care and culture. This extra work together with the care of unmatured vegetables will indeed make work enough that there will be scant time or opportunity for "dress parade."

If the above is true of the home garden, (and we believe it is) it is doubly so with our personal work when testing and experimental work are being carried on to a considerable extent.

Some of the Experimental Work.

We have long contended that every farm as well as garden should be an experimental ground. So many conditions of soil, climate, etc. exist that actual experiments upon our own grounds, with the surroundings that we are able to provide are the surest means to success. Too much of this work is not advisable as the expense will not fully warrant, but to some extent it can and ought to be carried on by every tiller of the soil. A memorandum of some of the things we are testing may be of interest to our readers, and later on, we hope to give the results in such form as will be useful both for them and us.

To begin with, in sweet corn there are five varieties, and eight of field corn.

Now it requires much study and care to plant corn so that varieties will not mix. In fact, it is pretty nearly impossible to entirely prevent this mixing as the bees and the wind are factors that must be considered, and we have little control of either. But to some extent we can overcome the difficulty; for instance, an extra early and late variety can be planted near together with little or no danger. So we are able to bring varieties maturing at entirely different seasons quite close together. These are thoroughly good varieties and have been gathered from widely separated localities in order that we may learn if possible what will do best under the conditions we can give.

In Wax beans we have four varieties, including one sent us from Kentucky and one, an entirely new sort, which we obtained from a cross between the Black wax and a variety of the Kidney bean. Of this latter one, we shall be unable to say much of its quality until the type is somewhat fixed. We are hopeful that fine qualities will develop but

"The best laid plans o' mice and men Gang aft agley."

and so we have to wait for results. Two or three varieties of Limas are growing and from them we hope to make selections that will suit our climate and soil.

In this connection the question is often asked; will beans mix? In a recent issue of one of the leading agricultural papers the question was discussed, and to my mind was left dangling in the air, or in other words, was not satisfactorily answered. Now the real truth is that they will mix and to such an extent as to spoil both varieties. They do not require to be planted far apart as some other kinds of vegetables, but in order to keep pure must be kept apart.

In early potatoes we have four varieties planted side and side; our object being to as nearly as possible determine not only the earliness but the cropping qual-

ities as well. Extreme earliness and heavy cropping qualities seem to be elements at variance with each, other and generally speaking the earlier the variety the lighter crops we get; but our object is to get the sort that combines both to the greatest extent. We plant them side and side to give as early as possible, exact soil conditions, and there is no danger of mixing except at digging time. Later on, we hope to determine what suits best our surroundings, and thus by our experience aid others also.

Of tomatoes, we have several varieties both early and late, including one that is entirely new to the public and thus far has given good promises.

The above are some of the extra things we are caring for, and thus with the regular garden duties we find not only July but all the months full of busy care. Why do we assume all these extra duties? Well, for our own and the good of others. We believe that the best is none too good, and the market demands are always for such, so whoever has the best is never at a loss for the sale of any surplus.

What to Plant in July.

In all the northern regions, the greater part of the winter cabbage and the late cauliflower will be planted out in the early part of this month. Both are gross feeders and the attempt to grow either upon poor, thin soil is sure to result in failure. The richer the soil can be made the better and if possible to provide it, moist land is best. Lacking this, constant cultivation will largely compensate for lack of moisture.

The most widely distributed insect pest of both these plants is of course, the cabbage worm. Many remedies are in use and all more or less effectual. Wood ashes and salt in the proportion of four to one is not only a good remedy but also a fertilizer as well. Paris green is entirely safe upon the cabbages until the heads are a third or more grown. This of course will not do for the cauliflower after the curd or head begins to form. For these Pyrethrum powder is perhaps best of all, for while not poisonous to people, it is sure death to most insects. Last season, the cabbage louse proved serious pest in some localities and we found it a difficult matter to control. Kerosene emulsion was the chief remedy but we often found them lodged on the under side of the leaf which made them difficult to reach. Often, we found the surest and quickest way was to break off the lower leaves and burn them. A new remedy was furnished us for trial from the Experiment station which we believe will be helpful not only for this pest but the cabbage worm and aphid as well. More extended use, however, will assist us in deciding as to its merits. Early in the month late beets and rutabagas will claim their share of attention, and carrots will also do well if sown by July 4. Rich soil and thorough culture will make ample size and they will be far more crisp than if sown earlier and left to fight their way with weeds and poor thin soil.

The late celery should be transplanted by the middle of the month, or sooner will do no harm. If possible, plant where it can be watered in the event of dry weather; and use manure either in bulk or liquid form without stint. If sufficient space is available, earth

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blanching in most cases is cheaper than boards. It, of course, requires more space and the plants should be set four to five feet apart by six inches in the row. In transplanting, clip the tops and roots back one-fourth as they will be more liable to stand the change without check.

If board blanching is desired then two to three feet is ample between rows, and when but little is grown this method is desirable.

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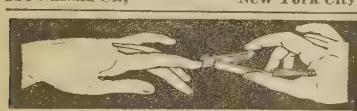
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(Continued on page twenty-two.)

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FRUIT NOTES

Mulching.

One of the little things we can easily do to help trees and bush fruits is to mulch them. And it can be done at any time of year to good advantage. Almost any kind of loose trash of a vegetable character can be used. Straw, coarse grass, spoiled hay, bagasse from cane mills, stable manure and rotten cotton seed are all good. The last two must be used with caution, for they are usually rich in nitrogen and may be too strong for the tender rootlets in the top of the soil. I have seen sponge clippings used in the Bahama Islands with excellent results about orange, pomelo and other trees.

One of the main benefits of mulching is that the moisture is held in the soil. It not only keeps the soil moist but cool, the direct rays of the sun being kept from it. This is just what most fruit trees and berry bushes delight in. It is what nature does for all the trees, shrubs and vines that she plants, where the leaves lie in beds, and with the fallen twigs and tree trunks gradually decay, things grow most luxuriantly. There is where we gather the biggest and most luscious wild berries.

In the same way we ought to provide rich, cool, moist soil for our trees and plants to grow in. If the weeds are growing up about them cover them with the coarsest and most trashy manure from the stables and see what a difference it will make all around. I have often taken a wheelbarrow or one-horse sled, where the distance was not great, and gone between the rows, using a fork to place the mulch where it was needed on either side.

Where fruit trees are growing in house yards, which is quite common, especially in towns and large city lots, the mulching will be found a great benefit. All the lawn clippings and any vegetable trash that accumulates, (even excisor will do) should be placed about the trees. It will gradually decay and become a source of good rather than a nuisance. The trees will respond to the treatment and soon show that they need more rather than less of it. Nature is a good teacher but experience is still better one.

H. E. VanDeman.

Thinning Fruit.

Within the past few years it has come to be a regular practice with the best commercial fruit growers to thin their peaches, and to a limited extent, the grapes, plums and pears. So far there has been very little done with apples in this way, although there are many times when it would pay well to do it. The up-to-date peach grower would not think of trying to grow a crop without thinning, and the big peaches that are seen in the market are all grown in that way.

If it will pay the commercial grower to thin this fruit it is much more important for the amateur grower. He is not growing fruit to sell to some one else but for home use, and for this purpose there should be nothing but the best that skill can produce.

It may not seem to the inexperienced that thinning overburdened fruit trees or vines would really produce as much in actual quantity by taking off half or more of the number of fruits set, but it is true. Those left will grow to be so much larger than they would if all had been allowed to remain that they make up the supposed loss. Better than that is the saving of the great draft on the tree to make the seeds that would have occurred had none been taken off. It requires more nourishment to make the seeds than the flesh around them. Hence, the same weight big fruits does not require as much vitality as of small ones. It is not fruit seeds that we should strive to grow but the edible part.

Those who have bearing trees or vines about their premises and have never tried thinning should try those that have set very heavy crops. They should not be nearer than six inches of each other.

This may make it necessary to take off more than half the fruit, and I have known more than three-fourths to be picked off to great advantage.

The time to do this is when the fruit is about four to six weeks from the bloom. First shake vigorously to get off all that may be defective and likely to drop and then pluck with a fearless hand until there is seemingly but little left.

H. E. VanDeman.

Orange Trees for House Culture.

There are many who would like to have an orange tree or two in the conservatory or even in the house, if it was practicable. It is not practicable with ordinary orange trees, such as are usually grown in the citrus orchards, but there are ways of growing them that may be easily and satisfactorily kept indoors.

There is a stock, Citrus trifoliata, that is admirably adapted to the purpose indicated. It is dwarfish in habit, slow growing and very hardy. It is deciduous and will live outdoors as far north as New Jersey. The fruit is small and inedible, but the buds of the sweet oranges will grow on it readily and fruit abundantly. Some of the Florida nurserymen grow trees of this kind in tubs especially for house culture.

While any of the varieties of the orange will grow on the trifoliata stock there are some of the dwarfish nature that are superior in several respects. Among these the Satsuma is the best. It is of the mandarin type, of good medium size, flat in shape and sweet flavored. It also ripens very early, and the tree bears very young and abundantly. The Otaheite is the one most commonly grown for house culture, but the flavor of the fruit is so poor that it should not be recommended.

There is a class of very small citrus trees that came from Japan, and that have dainty and delicious little fruit on them. It is not larger than birds eggs and of round and oblong shapes. The color is orange and the flavor excellent. The skin is usually eaten with the pulp. When preserved whole they make a very dainty dish. No fruit is more desirable for house culture than the kumquat on trifoliata stock. H. E. VanDeman.

The Niagara Peach

One of the best peaches that has been introduced for many years past is the Niagara. It originated in Niagara county, New York and has been grown there for about ten years past, but only in a small way, until very lately. There are some commercial orchards that now have bearing trees of it in large quantities, not only in New York but in other States, and they are doing splendidly, not only is the peach a good fruit to eat but the trees are hardy and healthy in leaf and bud and bear abundantly.

The fruit of the Niagara peach is much like that of Early Crawford in appearance, being large, oval, yellow with brilliant red cheeks. The stone parts very freely from the flesh. The flavor is rich and piquant, reminding one of the very best peaches he ever ate, and far ahead of Elberta in this respect. Indeed, it is a rival of that famous variety as a market peach with several points in its favor as to quality.

The season is medium early, coming in just before Elberta and overlapping it a week or more. Those who intend to plant peach trees the coming spring will do well to set some of the Niagara.

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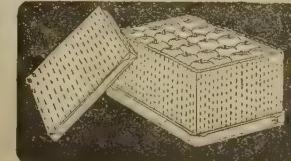


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FARM NOTES



Progressive Farmers.

Every farmer should aim to grow something better than has been produced. By thorough cultivation, and in the introductions of varieties which are new and superior is the only way this can be done.

A diversity of crops generally makes the farmer safe against total failure, yet, after all, it is often well to give special attention to one money crop to which the land is best adapted, and with which he has become most familiar.

The time is coming when progressive farmers will have their fertilizers made to order, and progressive dealers will be ready to fill their orders. It will not be a difficult task to ascertain the varying wants of every field and in what elements his land is poor.

The agricultural journals are bringing greater gains to the farmer than he could possibly procure without the influence of their teaching, yet there are many farmers who would profit more by what they read if they would put more of the information into practice.

While one farmer sows 20 or 30 acres of wheat, his neighbor will put in half as much and get as many bushels. There is not only the lesson of profit in this, but it must be kept in mind that well-tilled land is constantly improving, while that which is half tilled is growing poorer every day.

Many tillers of large farms have had their noses in contact with the grindstone for many years, because they spread their capital and labor too thinly over a large area. Sell or rent a part of the land and see if it does not foot up better at the end of the year.

Underdraining makes the soil open, porous and more easily cultivated, and soil that is made loose and arable is in a far better condition to promote the growth of our crops, and crops grown on such soils suffer less from extreme wet or dry weather than those on land that is compact and with a water level within a few feet of the surface.

to the churn, is securely fixed. The churn should not be turned too rapidly, but at a speed that will produce the most concussion. A churn should never be filled more than half full of cream. The churn should be stopped several times at the beginning of churning and cork removed to allow the escape of gases. When the cream begins to break, considerable care should be exercised not to gather the butter-granules into one large lump. Churning should cease when the butter particles are about the size of wheat kernels. The churn should be fastened; and the buttermilk drawn off. A fine hair sieve should be placed so the buttermilk can pass through it; this will catch any granules of butter that are likely to come out of the churn with the buttermilk. When the butter is well drained from buttermilk, rinse it with little water at a temperature of fifty-five degrees F. After this has drained away, put the cork in the churn, and add a half pailful of well water to every ten pounds of butter, put the cover on the churn, and revolve it slowly at least six times then draw off the water, and let the butter drain for fifteen minutes.—*Hoard's Dairyman*.

Butter in United States.

Over one and one-half billion pounds of butter are consumed annually in the United States. Factories have now almost transferred the making of butter from the farms. The milk producers co-operate in organizing, building, equipping and managing the butter factory and disposing of its products. In a factory of this kind all expenses are deducted from the gross receipts of sales and the remainder divided pro rata among the patrons upon the basis of the milk or cream contributed. The use of machinery and of various testing appliances has quite revolutionized modern dairying. These facts are stated by Clarence B. Lane, of the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, in June Cosmopolitan.

A Big Difference.

A creamery manager reports that he has within one year paid one patron sixty dollars a cow for each cow milked in a herd of sixteen and five of the number were heifers milking with the first calf. To another patron he paid twenty-five dollars a cow in a herd of twenty and to another seventeen dollars a cow in a herd of thirteen. The twenty-five dollar cows were given good roughage and grain in abundance, were warmly stabled and kindly treated. The sixty-dollar cows were bred for the dairy, fed balanced rations and otherwise treated about as their twenty-five dollar neighbors. All these cows belong to farmers of the same community, are kept on the same kind of land and the climate conditions are identical. One can almost imagine the pedigrees of these men after seeing the returns from the cows.—*Irrigation Age*.

After the cream is ripened it is ready to churn. The first step is to cool the cream from sixty-five degrees F., the temperature at which the cream was ripened, to about fifty-five degrees F. in the summer, and to fifty-eight degrees F. in the winter. If at these temperatures the cream should come in ten minutes, and the butter is soft, the next churning should be cooled somewhat lower, say two degrees; on the other hand, if the cream is slow in coming, the temperature should be raised. It should not take over twenty to thirty minutes to churn a batch of butter. The time that it takes to churn depends upon five things: (1) The ripeness of the cream. (2) The temperature of the cream. (3) The thickness of the cream, or the per cent of the butter fat in it. (4) The length of time the cows have been milking. (5) The kind of feed that the cows are eating. A gallon of cream should be heavy enough to churn three pounds of butter. When the cream is cooled to proper temperature, it should be strained through a hair sieve into the churn. Doing this will remove the large chunks of curd from the cream and prevent the butter from having white specks. After straining the cream, butter color, if used, is put into the cream, and then the cover,

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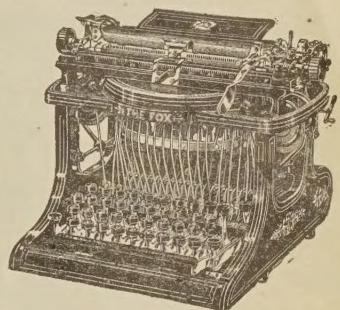
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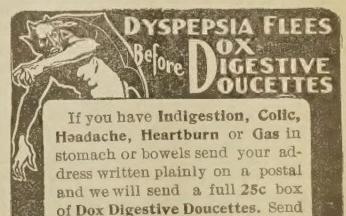
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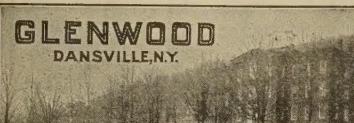
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Poultry

(Continued from page eighteen)

don't find time to learn the vice.—J. G. W.

Feather eating is a habit that I have had but little trouble with. Always found it to result from lack of exercise and keeping too many hens in a small space. A well-balanced ration with plenty of green food, bone and meat and something to keep them hustling will generally correct the trouble. I watch out for the ones that do the mischief and remove them at once.—J. H. Sherwood.

Fowls having free range will not pull or eat feathers. Supply these free range conditions and they will not eat feathers. Give plenty of vegetable foods, grasses, cut clover and meat scraps. Oyster shells are absolutely necessary.—E. S. F., Larkfield, N. Y.

If I discover a fowl pulling and eating feathers I would not only remove the bird at once, but unless a valuable one, I would kill it. When once a fowl has learned this habit it will be likely to continue it, even if it has been removed for a time. A flock that has this habit formed must have their surrounding and feed changed so as to take up their attention. I would supply plenty of green food and meat and give more room, and feed every kernel of grain in the litter to keep them busy. Feed sparingly and don't allow any loafing around.—V. M. C.

How old and at what time do you separate the cockerels from the pullets?

I separate the cockerels from the pullets as soon as the sex can be distinguished and feed for broilers.—J. G. W.

I allow them to run together until the cockerels begin to annoy the pullets.—J. H. Sherwood.

All cull cockerels are separated from their heads at two pounds weight. The large breeds are not necessary to separate until nearly eight or ten months of age, but small breeds, as Leghorns, Minorcas, Hamburgs, etc., at four months of age.—E. S. F., Larkfield, N. Y.

I would not allow the sexes of any breed to run together more than four to five months, and of the early maturing breeds there is an advantage in separating them just as soon as you can tell them apart. Some chickens grow to be quite large before you can tell which they are. Such, as a rule, will give little trouble to the pullets.—V. M. C.

The following questions are to be answered in August:

Do you find any difference in meat and eggs between pure bred stock and mongrels?

Do you think it necessary to have double-walled poultry houses for the northern climate?

Write us your experience.

I have been raising a few broilers this season from a mixed breed with very good success and want to increase the business next spring. What is the best breed to keep for this purpose? Ans. White Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds are the principal breeds for broiler raising. The White Wyandottes probably take the lead in numbers. For this purpose I would have little choice in the three kinds.

Which of the following varieties are best for laying, Brahmas, Langshans or Plymouth Rocks? We are, at present keeping Leghorns but as we live in town want a heavier breed on account of yarding them.—H. S. L.; Ans. In selecting a breed for egg production it all depends on the strain you get. If you are able to get a good laying strain, one breed for laying qualities, I would say, Rocks first, Brahmas second, and Langshans third, but a first class laying strain of Langshans would probably lay more eggs than an ordinary strain of Plymouth Rocks. The strain, and the way you handle and feed will determine this question.

Rhode Island Red Notes

It may be of interest to some of your readers who are breeders of Reds to know that at a recent meeting of American Poultry Association held in Michigan, that the Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds were admitted to the Standard of Perfection under the name of American Reds.

As to why this was done the writer

cannot see. Rose Comb breeders will probably make the next meeting of the American Poultry Association which will be held at Hagerstown, Md., a lively affair. Meanwhile, am sorry to say that the split in the selection of a name for the Rose Comb variety will naturally be a detriment to the welfare of that breed.

The Single Comb breeders can rejoice that their breed was admitted to the Standard the year before, and that they are out of the mix-up.

Hiram P. Ketcham.

Squab Raising.

Note—This series of articles was begun in the February issue. Those desiring to ask questions will please address the author, Mr. J. A. Summers, Chalfont, Pa., inclosing stamp.—Ed.

The organism of the Pigeon is every bit as delicate as that of mankind and their food should be given them with the same taste and judgment as that served to man. They should have a variety of good food, the very best is the cheapest, and do not make them live upon one grain as some do. I know of some who feed their birds nothing but corn the year around but their success as squab raisers is in question.

Pigeons like a change the same as mankind and those so fed will thrive and breed better even though the cost is a little more for feed. It pays in the end. The self-feeders in which are put a variety of grains and seeds are a source of much sickness and disappointment.

Supposing a mixture of wheat, corn, peas, hemp seed and buckwheat are put in the feeders, the consequence is the birds will first pick out the hemp and peas, then throw the wheat and corn around and make it foul, unfit for feed. I believe in feeding what they eat up clean. Feed the wheat separate from the corn, likewise the other grains but let the wheat and corn be staples, with an occasional treat of other seeds such as hemp, etc.

In the last issue of this magazine I gave a description of the various grades of wheat to feed, now I will treat upon the other grains and seeds. As all know corn is a very fattening grain hence it is invaluable as a food for pigeons rearing squabs, but there are few who understand how to feed it. It is very rich in carbohydrates and must be fed very carefully in summer. Every other afternoon is sufficient. When fed to pigeons having young, it should be fed cracked, not so fine but rather coarse cracked. Never feed it in connection with anything else. Feed a whole meal of it alone as it does not work well with other grains. Some breeders are afraid to feed corn at all, claiming it produces canker in the squabs, but this disease is due to a peculiar miasma in the atmosphere and has nothing to do with the feed. In buying corn see that it is perfectly sound, never use too new corn. Also see that it is not mouldy. There has been lots of such corn sold the last few years and it has caused any amount of trouble to poultrymen. The yellow variety the birds like better than the white. Get the dealer to supply it well sifted as the birds will not eat it if too fine. As a treat a little buckwheat may be given, likewise rape, canary, millet, etc. Hemp seed is exceedingly rich and should be given very sparingly. Birds are very fond of it, but one must be careful and not let them have their fill of it or they will have a lot of dead birds. It is an excellent thing for birds out of condition but a little goes a great way. A small amount once a week is sufficient. In winter when the nights are extremely cold, corn should be fed every afternoon, and more hemp can also be used, but in summer they require less as these grains

which of the following varieties are best for laying, Brahmas, Langshans or Plymouth Rocks? We are, at present keeping Leghorns but as we live in town want a heavier breed on account of yarding them.—H. S. L.; Ans. In selecting a breed for egg production it all depends on the strain you get. If you are able to get a good laying strain, one breed for laying qualities, I would say, Rocks first, Brahmas second, and Langshans third, but a first class laying strain of Langshans would probably lay more eggs than an ordinary strain of Plymouth Rocks. The strain, and the way you handle and feed will determine this question.

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are too heating. Peas are an excellent article to feed, and the birds are exceedingly fond of them. While they do not contain the carbohydrates that corn does, they are very fattening. The only trouble is in the cost. They can be used as a treat, a small quantity being given several times a week with their rations of wheat. Never mix peas or any other grain or seed with corn but feed the corn separately. The smaller varieties of peas must be used. The Canada field peas are what all squab raisers use and the cost varies from \$1.25 per bushel up. Kaffir corn can also be fed, likewise oats if hulled. Never feed plain oats as the sharp hulls are injurious. Hulled oats or rolled oats should be used.

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Strange as it may appear, we actually pay a regular income on every dollar invested in our guaranteed Preferred Shares (with coupons attached like government bonds). Absolutely safe and profits sure—no risk. Own and control money-making enterprises, mining claims and real estate, have been firmly established 14 to 17 years. Doing a big business and rapidly increasing.

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An extra 12 per cent. dividend on March 1, 1905, and 20 per cent. dividend paid up to date in 1905. Still other good dividends for this year.

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Send us \$1 and your income actually commences the very day your money reaches Denver. This is no scheme or humbug—if you are not delighted with the investment we will promptly refund your money and no questions asked. A few honest agents wanted. Remit by money order, registered letter or enclose a dollar bill in your letter and address at once.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN INVESTMENT CO.,

SOLE OFFICIAL BROKERS,

64 Consolidated Block, Denver, Colo.

Only a Cat.

Dedicated to those thoughtless persons who leave town and expect the family cat to shift for itself temporarily, while they are away. It should be remembered that there is practically nothing for the poor animal to live on, and that its enemies are numerous. Pet cats, under these circumstances, frequently die of starvation.]

The family went out of town,
Refreshing themselves by the sea;
I thought they'd have taken me down,
But no one had pity on me.
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

The children got in one by one,
When the carriage drove up to the door,
How breathlessly then did I run!
Little Mollie cried, "Room for one more!"
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

"No place with the children for me?"
With the luggage, then, porter, I said.
"Get out, little demon!" cried he,
And gave me a blow on the head.
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

There is no one without or within;
Not a drop, not a crumb in the house;
My bones strength through my poor skin;
No strength to say "Boo!" to a mouse!
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

I was petted and loved by the fair.
Do they think of me now by the sea?
The pavement is burning and bare,
I am dying by inches, poor me!
What of that?
After all, it is "only a cat!"

You have left me to die, but I say
When you have once made a friend,
And loved him a little each day,
You should love him on straight to the end!
Think of that!
Even should he be "only a cat!"

Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell, in Fair Play.

The Stature of Kings.

King Edward represents fully the average height in British stature, which is five feet seven and seven-eighths inches, his actual height in his boots being five feet eight and a half inches. The Emperor William falls slightly below his royal uncle's but not below the average German height. Of the elected rulers President Loubet represents the French average, which is five feet six inches.

On the other hand, we find the Emperor of Japan to be far above the national standard of height. His majesty is a tall man for a Japanese—five feet six inches. The tallest royal personage is King Leopold, six feet six inches, which places him next to Peter the Great, who measured six feet eight and a half inches.



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I WILL Show You How to Cure Yours
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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 633, Watertown, N. Y.

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1000 PRIZES FREE BRIGHT PEOPLE

HOIO	WENORKY	EIAMN
TAHU	YCKENUTK	SANKSA

Can you arrange these six different groups of letters into the names of six states of the United States? If so, we have a surprise for you. We are going to give away 1000 prizes as listed below and many extra prizes to those who send in the neatest solutions.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

First, \$50.00 IN GOLD;	Second, \$25.00 IN GOLD;
Third, \$15.00 IN GOLD;	Fourth, \$10.00 IN GOLD;

Fifth, Seamless Rolled Gold Ring, set with a genuine Diamond; Sixth, Beautiful Ladies' Watch; Seventh, Silver Tea Set; Eighth, 27-piece Puritan Silverware Set; Ninth, beautiful pair Lace Curtains; Tenth, Concert Accordion; Next 500, each a life subscription to our magazine; Next 400, a beautiful lithographic reproduction of some famous Picture; Next 90, each one year's subscription to our magazine.

Remember, we do not want you to send us any money when you answer this advertisement. There is no condition to secure any of the one thousand prizes offered here. We are doing this to advertise our great monthly magazine. We give other prizes for sending us subscriptions, but these 1000 prizes will be awarded absolutely free to the one thousand persons sending in the greatest, correct solutions. In making the draw for the prizes, the name must be used on in the six groups and as many times as they appear in each individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the six groups and found the six correct states, you will have used every letter in the six groups exactly as many times as it appears in its individual group.

Why we do this. We make this liberal offer so that the name and fame of our great Illustrated Popular Monthly Family Magazine will be known in every home in the country. Try and Win. If you send in a correct solution, you will receive a large gold prize for your effort. As you, we do not want you to send any money with your letter and a contest like this is very interesting to those who participate. This is not an easy contest. It's a test of merit and skill.

Our Popular Monthly magazine is an interesting, large, illustrated magazine of never less than 64 columns and usually over 100. It contains everything pertaining to women. The very best stories, society, up-to-date fashion, cooking and the household, hints on toilet, a medical column, in fact everything the American woman could want. Our magazine is circulated in every home and welcome homes. We wish to increase its circulation to a million and we are taking this way of advertising.

Send in the names of the six states at once. As soon as the contest closes, you will be notified if you have won a prize. But send in your name as we shall give other prizes during the summer. Be sure to sign your full name and address plainly. Do not delay. Get your name on our list and win a prize.

PRESS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 9, Aldine St., Boston, Mass.

\$1,200.00 in PRIZES



How Many Words Can You Make from the Letters in the Name "PEOPLE'S COMPANION"

We want this name studied over and thought about until it is impressed deeply on the minds of the home people of America. For the largest list of words made from the letters in the name "PEOPLE'S COMPANION" we will give the valuable prizes named in the list below.

There is no "catch" or deceit in this contest. It is an honest aggressive plan to obtain subscribers. Please note that

EVERYBODY GETS A PRIZE

LIST OF PRIZES

1st Prize, One Fancy Chased Round Belcher Solitaire Diamond Ring. Value \$10.00. Prizes 12 to 15, same as 11.

16th Prize, One Victor Talking Machine. Value \$15.00. Prize 17, same as 16.

18th Prize, One Stevens Favorite Rifle. Value \$6.00. Prize 19, same as 22, same as 18.

20th Prize, One Morris Chair. Value \$8.00. Prizes 24 to 25, same as 23.

26th Prize, One Mantel Clock. Value \$5.00. Prizes 27 to 30, same as 26.

31st Prize, One Camera, Royal Model, No. 1, size of pocket camera. Value \$2.00. Prizes 32 to 35, same as 31.

33rd Prize, One Fountain Pen. Value \$2.00. Prizes 37 to 50, same as 36.

51st Prize, One copy of John Henry Barrows' book, "A World Pilgrimage;" one of the most fascinating books of travel. Value \$2.00. Prizes 52 to 65, same as 51.

66th Prize, One copy of J. Breckenridge Ellis' book, "The Holland Wolves;" a fascinating story of adventure of the sixteenth century, finely illustrated by the Kinneys. Value \$1.50. Prizes 67 to 75, same as 66.

All prizes are exactly as described.

Somebody will get the Big Prizes. Why not you?

RULES OF CONTEST

1. The prizes will be awarded for the largest list of words made from the letters in the name "People's Companion."

2. No letter should be used in the same word more often than it appears in the name.

3. Names of persons and places and foreign words will not be counted.

4. In case of a tie, each person so tied will be given a prize of the same value and description as the one advertised.

5. Each list of words must be accompanied by 25 cents for a year's subscription to the People's Companion.

6. No person connected in any way with the People's Companion, will be allowed to enter the contest.

7. THE 64-PAGE BOOK OF TOASTS WILL BE SENT AS SOON AS YOUR LIST IS RECEIVED AND WRITTEN TO-DAY

What our paper is: The People's Companion is a high class magazine. Departments for every member of the household conducted by special writers. Illustrated feature articles and three short stories each issue. One strong serial story. Well printed on first class paper. Worth double the subscription price.



1st Prize. Value \$350.00



4th Prize. Value \$60.00



11th to 15th Prize. Value \$10.00

USE THIS BLANK

THE PEOPLE'S COMPANION, Dept. 34, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Enclosed here is my list of words made from the letters in the name "People's Companion." Please enter this list of words in your Grand Prize Word Contest, and send me the 64 page book of toasts at once. I also send you 25 cents for one year's subscription to the People's Companion.

Name.....
Address..... Date.....

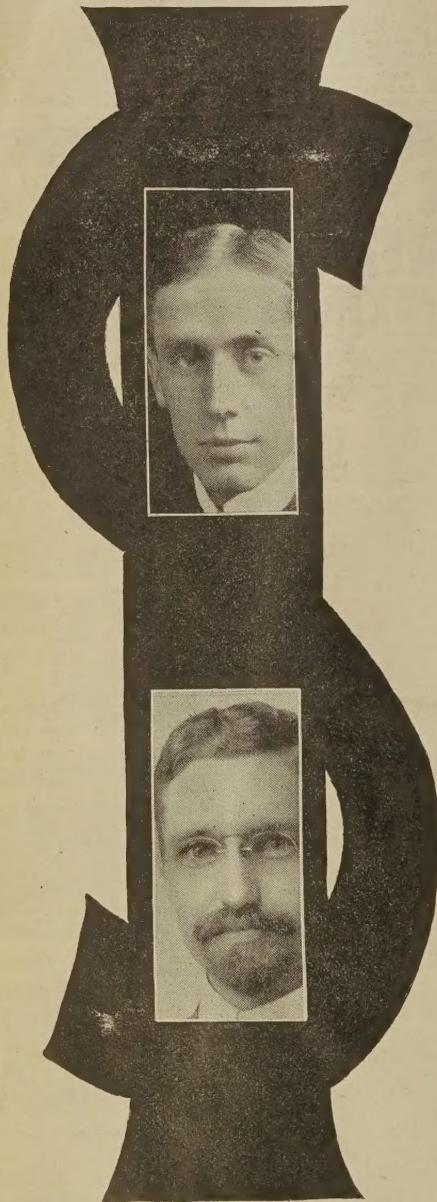
18th to 22nd Prize. Value \$6.00

Contest closes January 1st, 1906. Prize winners will be announced in the February issue of the "People's Companion."

Don't delay. Write to-day. This ad may not appear again.

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This book is not an advertisement of any investment. It is simply a book of general information for people who want to save and profitably and safely invest one dollar or more a month. The book may be worth thousands of dollars to you. We will send it to you free if you will simply send us a postal card, saying "Send me your Guide for Investors." Better do it now before you forget it.

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